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The Village Lyre

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PREFACE.

"I am na poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance;
And hae to learning sma' pretence,
Yet what the matter,
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I gingle at her."

Burns.

The principal motives which emboldened the composer of this volume of poetry to venture as an author before the public, were, first, to satisfy a few demands of a financial character, and, secondly, to comply with the wishes of a few friends, who professed to discern in some of the effusions which appeared in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, what probably no one else will perceive, the faint glimmerings of a poetical genius.

Though the poems extend over a considerable period of time, it is only comparatively of a recent

date that the author came to the determination to give to the public the elaborations of his brain and muse.

If, as a country bard, it should be denied that he has quaffed deeply of the fabled fount itself, yet of this he is certain that his muse has often cooled care's parched lips with at least a little floating spray. Nay, more, she has often cheated adversity of its rightful sovereignty over a sad heart,—kindling the brightest star to gem the dark sky of misfortune, and cheering up the drooping flowers which scowling fate had trampled on, down the wayside of life. If, therefore, the author should receive no further recompence, he has already had his reward, and it affords him some consolation to know that the critic's lash can only lacerate the future, not the past. Neither their spear nor their demi-lance, can inflict so serious a wound upon his happiness as to bleed it to death.

As most of the poems when composed were never intended for the public eye, their dress may appear to some rather tawdry, and the versifica-

tion inconsonant with the laws of prosody, for the Bard must be frank to confess that the measuring rod of prosody was not applied to many of them. He hopes this prolepsis may soften down the critic's severity to his faults in this respect. He is also frank to confess that many of his Juvenile poems resemble metropolitan milk—*milk and water;* but perhaps the reader may not concur with him in this opinion; and

> "He winna blaw about himsel',
> As ill he likes his faults to tell;
> But friends and folk that wish him well,
> They sometimes rouse him,
> Tho' he maun own, as monie still
> As far abuse him."

To his subscribers he tenders his most grateful acknowledgments, wishing them as much pleasure in the perusal of the work, as the author has had in its composition. He ventures to hope no one will accuse him of obscurity, for he has no admiration for that kind of poetry, which for lucidity of sentiment resembles the water in a muddy ditch.

As a poet he enjoys a little local fame, nor will it trouble him much should the present issue fail to extend it. Poetry has been to him its own reward. His muse has been, and he hopes will still remain his dearest companion through the thorny paths of life. He felt something of her spirit when only a boy at the mill,—at the billy,—at the loom,—and at the engine. Farewell!

J. W.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
To Hope	1
Morning Hymn	2
Spring's Song	3
The Day of Judgment	4
The Deluge	5
The Swallow's Instinct...	6
Bonfire Night	6
To a Withered Tree	7
The Slanderer	8
Innocent Love	8
A Mixture of Prose and Poetry	9
An Epistle to a Friend	10
To Burns	11
The Infant Mind	12
Loose Thoughts...	13
The Sabbath	16
To a Small Brook	16
The Kiss of Affection	17
Fame	17
A Prayer	18
The Poet's Poverty	19
Dawning Day	19
A Butcher's Lament	20
Religious Hypocrisy	22
On Seeing a Sparrow Shot	22
Moses at the Red Sea	24

PAGE.

The Captive Jew's Complaint 25
Shorthand 26
The Youth's Resolution 27
The Shooting Season 29
On a Child Two Years of Age... 29
Impromptu 30
Homes 30
America to England 31
Remembrance 34
The Burial of an Old Bachelor 35
On a Clean Wife 35
I Came and Saw Thee Not 36
To a Friend 36
On Sir Robert Peel's Budget 39
An Epistle to a Friend 39
Superstition and Religion 42
The Nettle's Song 52
A Prayer 53
A Reminiscence 54
On Sending a Dish of Mushrooms to a Friend 54
God's Care 55
On Finding a Fly Crushed to Death in a Book 55
The Stars 56
Despotism 57
My Early Fondness for Solitude 57
On a Fast Day 58
August—a Sonnet 59
Drunkenness 59
Father! Bestow a Thankful Heart 61
Disappointed Love 62
A Sunday Saint and Monday Devil 63
Revelations, Chap. xiv., Paraphrased 64
Answer to the Question, What do you Love? 65
What is Life? 77

PAGE.

My Native Land 79
A Simile... 80
The Old Delf-Case 80
Revenge... 82
Death of a Poor Man 82
Unpromising Youth 83
The Happy Man 84
Birds 86
To my Wife 87
The Evening Fireside 88
Stanzas 88
Winter 89
On the Birth of my First Daughter 90
To an Unexpected Friend 90
The Village Funeral Bell 92
On the Death of an Infant 93
To the Snow Drop 94
Worship in a Sylvan Temple 94
An Old Woman's Grace over a Cup of Tea 95
To Louis Phillippe 95
On the War with Russia 96
To Lord AB. & Co. 97
To the Ocean, from Castle Hill, Scarborough... 100
On the Birth of my First Son 101
God is Love 102
Anticipation of Evil 103
A Selfish, Swearing Man 103
My Early Home 104
Suicide 107
Prayer 109
To a Proud Man 112
Stanzas 112
Intemperance 115
The Barn-Yard Cock may Crow 116

PAGE.

The Nobility of Labour 117
Stanzas 117
The Approach of Winter 120
A Simile... 120
God's Goodness... 121
The last Prayer of *** to his Wife 122
The Cup of Balm Tea 124
While Wastes Away Life's Shortening Span 126
Stanzas 126
A Wish, Presented to my Oldest Daughter 128
Unbelief... 129
Low Spirits 130
An Unfortunate Young Woman 131
My Mother's Grave 131
To the Congress at Paris 133
Slander 135
To Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on the Day of her Coronation 135
On the Baptism of my Youngest Son... 136
Lines on the Conclusion of the War with China 137
What is this World at Best? 140
A simple Question, asked by a little Boy of his Father, answered 141
To an Old Friend 142
To a Nobleman standing on an Eminence in his Estate ... 145
A Prayer 145
To the Czar, 1854 146
Indulgence 147
On hearing Henry Wilson Sing at the Music Hall, Leeds ... 148
On Broth and Swede Turnips 149
My Muse 149
Summer Evening 150
A Fragment 151
Lines 153

PAGE.

On hearing a Young Man wish he might go to the Devil if he did not enjoy this Life... 153
Winter 154
Epitaph 155
The Contented Man 156
Gratitude 157
Lines composed during a long Snow Storm 158
An Epitaph 158
On Witnessing the Funeral of the Second Earl of Harewood 159
Morning Devotion 160
The Advantages of Mediocrity 161
Lines 165
On Shooting the Thrush and Blackbird in Winter 166
Harvest 167
The Beauty of Morning 168
On Hearing the Robin's Song on the Morning of an Autumnal Sabbath 169
Great God! to Thee all Things Belong 171
To the Dying Sceptic 172
On the Birth of my Second Child 173
Conviction 173
On the Consecration of St. James's Church, Horsforth Woodside 174
On the Second Bombardment of Sebastopol 175
On my Sleeping Infant 176
Truth and Falsehood 177
To my Wife 180
The Music of the Farm Yard 181
A Simile 181
The Mower 182
The Palace and the Cot 183
The Pipe 186
Help the Poor 186
The old Prayer Book 188

PAGE.

On the Birth of my Third Daughter 190
Stanzas 190
To the Soldiers Leaving Leeds for the Battle-field 193
Stanzas 193
To the Old Lane—one of my favourite Walks 195
An Old Man's Advice to a Young Man 197
Early Rising in Summer 202
Paragons of Love 202
The Press of England 203
To Cambridge 203
To my Muse 204
A Summer's Eve 206
On First Hearing the Cuckoo 206
Lines 207
Stanzas 208
Lines on the Death of my Wife 209
"God is Love" 211
Patient Life's Ills, Poor Mortal, bear 212
To a Young Lady 214
The Frugal Wife 214
Pity and Envy 215
Autumn 216
A Kiss 216
My Grandsire's Watch 217
To the Grave 218
On the Queen's Visit to Leeds 219
To the New Year of 1857 220
My Dying Hour 220

THE VILLAGE LYRE.

Juvenile Poems.

TO HOPE.

Thou star of radiance bright,
That twinkles through the gloom,
Still beams unquench'd thy friendly light,
Though tempests round us moan;
Nor black despair
Shall ever dare
To trample on the heart when thou art glimm'ring there.

'Tis true thy promises
Are pregnant with deceit;
Thou often wound'st with desperate hand,
Yet pour'st the balm, and bids us stand
Again upon our feet,
Then hold'st to view
Some pleasure new,
Again to captivate, to disappoint anew.

Though morning clouds obscure
The majesty of day,
We hope that his meridian face
Will break the gloom, and quickly chase
The gloomy mists away;
But should still be
Obscurity,
We forward bend our eyes to eve's serenity.

'Tis thus while here below,
For should from every side
Misfortune's keenest blasts assail,
We still look for the prosperous gale
Our fragile barks to guide,
And when at last
Life's storm is past,
Hope lifts our eyes to joys that shall forever last.

MORNING HYMN.

Thy watchful providence hath been
This night around our beds,
And guarded from all ills unseen
Our else defenceless heads.

Refreshing slumbers, undisturbed,
Have chased the night away;

Oh, may we hail with gratitude
  Another dawning day.

While nightly vigils have been kept
  Around ten thousand beds,
In peaceful slumbers we have slept,
  With angels o'er our heads.

For all Thy love accept our praise
  Each morn till death destroys;
So that the ending of our days
  Commence our endless joys.

SPRING'S SONG.

At my bidding winter rude
  Hies him to some other clime,
Quits his throne in angry mood,
  With a loud and blustering whine:
His snows I melt, his chains I break,
And torpid nature bid awake.

At my coming hill and dale
  Robe themselves in vestures gay,
And upon the passing gale
  Breathe their odours far away:
While each tree, and shrub, and flower
Speak a renovating power.

The gentle morn, the tranquil eve,
  I kiss with odoriferous balm;
My bosom high with music heaves,
  My song can never lose its charm:
My fountains flow, my clouds drop wealth,
My zephyrs breathe new life and health.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Great final day of bliss or ire,
When earth shall melt away with fire,
When sun, and moon, and stars shall fall,
And all on this terrestrial ball
Shall answer to the trumpet's call,
How will sinners dread to rise,
While thunders roll and lightning flies,
From the Judge's vengeful eyes?
Ye rocks and mountains can ye hide
From Him whose wrath they can't abide?
Ah, no! He speaks and ye divide.
How trembling will the sinner stand,
When he finds his doom at hand,
And sees stern justice uplift-hand:
With what hellish ecstasy
Will fiends rejoice that doom to see,
The torture of eternity.

O Thou our only strength and stay,
Prepare us for that awful day,
When Thou com'st in dread array.
May Thy voice proclaim, "Well done,
Good and faithful servant, come,
Enter, and receive thy crown."

THE DELUGE.

When 'neath sin's ebon sway,
All earth in darkness lay,
Virtue exiled;
When men forgot to pray,
Wandering in error's way,
And grace was chas'd away,
No mercy smiled.

But then the vengeful God
Smote with uplifted rod
This earthly ball;
Swift from above, below
Torrents of water flow,
Mixed with the lightning's glow,
And deluge all.

Hushed is the nuptial strain,
Quenched is lewd pleasure's flame,
Mute is the lyre;

Now the loud breakers roar,
Of sea without a shore:
One shriek and all is o'er,
Destruction dire!

THE SWALLOW'S INSTINCT.

Ye sapients who for fame explore
The depths of philosophic lore,
Who solve the problems of the tide,
O'er which its pinions soon will glide,
Speeding to more congenial clime,
Unerring wisdom's plan doth hide
A law within its breast your pride
Of erudition can't define:
The law of INSTINCT, faithful guide,
Which pilots o'er the waters wide,
Safely each phalanx of its tribe.

BONFIRE NIGHT.

Oh, how I lov'd thee when a boy,
When parkin fill'd my pockets;
It was the joy of all my joys,
Crackers, squibs, and rockets.

Oh, then, what glee with fiery stick
  To scare the screaming lasses,
And see the women jump and kick
  While squandering red hot ashes.

TO A WITHERED TREE.

Oh, wither'd tree ! oh, wither'd tree !
Thy mantle green's no more to see ;
No vernal gale, scented with flowers,
Now fans thee soft at ev'ning hours ;
  But all instead
  Thy leaves are dead,
And, swept by autumn gales, fall down in pattering showers.

And yet though desolation's hand
Has struck thee with its blighting wand ;
Though autumn breathe on thee in sighs,
Yet thou art pleasant to my eyes :
  Thy leafless boughs
  A bliss bestows,
I lov'd thy bloom, and cannot now thy nakedness despise.

THE SLANDERER.

From house to house the secret slanderer flies,
And fills her neighbours' ears with whispered lies,
Then bids them to their hearts in secret nail
The latent teller with the latent tale;
They give a vow, and surely not in vain,
To keep from human ears both tale and name;
Assured of this, she quickly leaves their door
With giant strides, to tell one neighbour more.
She lifts the latch, and only just peeps in,
As if advancing forward was a sin,
And she had now no time for trifling,
Till by degrees she gains the corner chair,
And then she has an hour or two to spare,
And makes her gaping, credulous neighbour stare
While painting stainless deeds as black as coals,
And tearing reputation's coat to holes:
Each hears, believes, adds fuel to the fire,
And off it goes, fast as the townsman's crier.

INNOCENT LOVE.

Oh, innocent love, sent down from above
To cheer in this dark vale of tears;
Thy balm the storms of the bosom can calm,
Thy sunshine, how sweetly it cheers.

The snow on the hills, the clear crystal rills,
In purity with thee can't vie;
An angel on earth, though human by birth,
And heaven beams forth in thine eye.

A MIXTURE OF PROSE AND POETRY.

Welcome, lone night, and you, ye starry gems,
That hold perpetual concert, dancing
For ever to the music of your spheres.
Welcome, thou moon, sole empress of the night,
Thou'st had thy worshippers, and still thou hast.
Perhaps at this lone hour thou lookest down
On many a bended knee and upraised
Eye of prostrate savage, who, immured
In mental darkness, thank'st thee for thy light.
What superstition dark, what ignorance this!
Oh, that the rays of that celestial fire
Ineffable would from their minds benighted
Scatter the clouds of ignorance, as the matin glow
Of new-born day scatters the morning mists!
Ye heralds of salvation! ye soldiers
Of the Cross! haste, gird your armour on;
Weild but the sword of Faith, and Satan's throne
Shall tremble, satanic darkness and its
Dire effects shall melt away, and in their
Stead the gospel blaze refulgent shall illume
The universal world of new-born souls.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

My friend, we both are young in years;
My friend, I've had my hopes and fears;
My friend, that tie which us endears
Can ne'er be broke,
Till death, that ruthless tyrant, tears
By his stern stroke.

My friend, thou'rt like a blooming flower
That's shelter'd 'neath a shady bower,
That's ne'er been bent by storm or shower;
Whose fragrant breast
By gentlest breeze at eve's sweet hour
Is kiss'd to rest.

A father's hand is yet thy guide,
A mother's love forbids to chide;
But soon upon the waters wide
Of life's rough sea
Thy timid bark, like mine, must ride,
And tossed be.

My friend, take admonition due;
Be wise, and learning's paths pursue;
Thy mind with knowledge now imbue;
And shrewdly mark
Men and their ways, so seeming true,
See in the dark.

Perhaps thou think'st to take a wife,
To share with thee the joys of life,
To almost drive thee mad with strife,
For sure 'twill be,
Unless thou tak'st my sage advice:
Let not thine *ee*

Be blinded by external show,
For beauty pierces not below
The skin; joys rise and flow
From wells within;
Beauty's a field where often grow
The weeds of sin.

I pen these lines beneath a tree,
As happy as a man can be;
As cheerful as the busy bee
That round me flies:
Mark the last words I send to thee—
Like it be wise.

TO BURNS.

I've read thy poems o'er and o'er,
Yet never but I've loved them more;
Of rural beauty sic a store
I never saw,
In this thou standest far before
Our poets a'.

But when I read thy Tam O'Shanter,
I fetched the table sic a thumper,
To find care drown'd himsel (a wonder)
In their nappy,
While Tam, amidst the rain and thunder,
Seem'd sae happy.

But, oh, thy Cotter's Night, each line
Sae simply sweet, sae simply fine,
Came down wi sic a power sublime,
That up I jumpt,
And swore that all the weary nine
Could nae hae done't.

THE INFANT MIND.

The infant mind is like a field,
Which, if neglected, nought will yield
But weeds of varied dye;
But which, if cultur'd, plough'd, and sown,
Will wave a glorious crop of corn,
'Neath autumn's golden sky.

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

"For not the brave, or wise, or great,
E'er yet had happiness complete;
Nor Peleus, grandson of the sky,
Nor Cadmus, 'scaped the shafts of pain,
Though favoured by the powers on high
With every bliss that man can gain."

The various streams of earthly joy
Are deeply tinctur'd with alloy;
They cannot heal a wounded mind,
But leave a double sting behind;
They may make lagging moments fleet,
Yet make reflecting moments creep.
We sip of this and then of that,
To cast all care behind our back;
But as we deeper drink we find
Remorse sink deeper in our mind.

Is wealth thy aim? secure the prize,
And shades of woe will still arise,
And anxious care that rends the breast
Will then brood o'er thy golden chest.
Or dost thou toil to gain the height
Where fame's clear star is sparkling bright;
It may shed lustre on thy name,
But soon will kindle envy's flame;

And in the bubble then thou'lt find
Dwells not that treasure—peace of mind.

Delusive is external show,
Impostor of what lurks below;
For flowers o'er stagnant pools may bloom,
And wealth 'neath crags may find a home:
So grief, mask'd by the splendid robe,
May revel in his bright abode;
So secret joys unseen may bloom
In poverty's unsightly dome.
As on the highest mountain's brow
The winds with heavier gust do blow,
So in the highest grades of life
Blow keener blasts of mental strife,
And sleep, that lulls the country clown,
"Forsakes the head that wears a crown."

The blood-stain'd warrior's noble name,
That's wafted on the breath of fame;
The senator, whose far-famed tongue
Through all the land has loudly rung;
The prince, whose ever-flatter'd ear
Exalts him high without a peer:
These, such as these do not enjoy
As much as rustic honesty.

The man that roams from flower to flower,
To find new pleasures for each hour,

Will, when his varied circle's run,
Feel stings he knew not when begun.
While deep remorse the child of sin
Tells of the hell that lurks within;
And health that sat upon his face
Has fled, nor left behind a trace;
And health and strength of youthful prime
Are sacrificed at pleasure's shrine.

Ask hoary age, with wasted fires,
If worldly bliss or pomp e'er tires,
And he will shake his silv'ry hairs,
(An answer eloquent that bears,)
And tell thee with the preacher's tongue,
All's vanity beneath the sun.

One thing alone, and only one,
Whether in fortune's race we run,
Or slowly tread the gloomy wild
Where hills of want and woe are piled,
Can quench the fire that burns the heart,
And in its stead a heaven impart:
Religion is its glorious name,
A prize! ah, who can tell its gain!

THE SABBATH.

Hail, poor man's Sabbath ! type of rest,
That endless Sabbath of the blest,
When all in wedding garments drest
Sit round one table,
And eats and drinks, each sainted guest,
As much he's able.

While in tartarean caverns deep,
Whose dreadful gulf no sprite can leap,
Each manes roams o'er plains o'heat,
With throat red hot,
But canna find nor crumb to eat,
Nor drink a drop.

Oh, ye, wha heed no Sabbath bell,
Who rather roam through flowery dell,
The stream that trickles down the fell,
Drink while ye may,
For if ye beg a drop in hell,
They'll say ye nay.

TO A SMALL BROOK.

Gushing, brawling down the hill,
Calmly flowing through the vale,

How I list with pleasure still,
  Instructor, to thy bubbling tale.

Seated on thy shelving side,
  'Neath a canopy of boughs,
Oft I muse at eventide—
  How like thee life ever flows.

THE KISS OF AFFECTION.

The bee in the flower sips nectar that's sour,
  When compared with the sweets of that kiss
That is gien with a blush 'neath a wide-spreading bush,
  'Tis a drop of Elysium's bliss.

FAME.

For fame the poet, priest, and sage
Scan with leaden eyes the page
Of erudition's dusty tome,
When midnight reigns deep, dark, and lone.

Nor deem they that the thoughts which burn,
Consume them to the grave and worm;
Nor that the midnight lamp's dim ray
Lights *spectre* death upon his way.

The goddess Fame her clarion may
Command to sound their merits far;
Her blast thrills not the lifeless clay,
Unbolts not death's strong prison-bar.

Admiring friends—invidious foes—
Cannot disturb the tomb's repose;
The one may bless—the other ban
The living name—the buried man.

A PRAYER.

When in Thy sacred fane
  I bend my knee to Thee,
Oh, kindle on my heart the flame
  Of pure sincerity;
And while I supplicate Thy grace,
Unfold to me a Saviour's face.

Oh, give me power from high,
  To curb each wand'ring thought,
And when temptation's net is nigh,
  Prevent me being caught;
Preserve me in the trying hour,
And manifest Thy saving power.

THE POET'S POVERTY.

Some say a poet's always poor,
Which means he's poor in purse;
Such know not of the boundless store
Of joys which glittering dross
Can't purchase. The muse's nurse,
While dressing up the flowing verse,
Feels absorbed in pleasures pure,
Which no satiety ne'er knows, and sure.
Worship, then, your golden god,
What care we, what care we;
We can't bow to fortune's nod,
No not we.

DAWNING DAY.

When aurora is peeping
O'er yonder high hill,
And flow'rets are weeping
Beside the lone rill:
When the beams of the morning
Make dew-drops like gems,
And these pearls are adorning
The flowery stems,
Oh, then I will wander, oh, then I will hie,
When the music of morning ascends to the sky.

When the woodbine and wild rose
  Give sweetest perfume,
And the skylark to heaven goes
  With gratitude's tune:
When the bee is first humming
  Its matins of praise,
And the butterfly's roaming
  O'er flowery ways,
Oh, then, o'er the meadows lone musing I stray,
And welcome with nature the dawning of day.

A BUTCHER'S LAMENT

FOR HIS FAVOURITE DOG WHICH DIED SUDDENLY.

Poor curly Ned,—Poor curly Ned,
  Beloved by all who knew thee;
Morn saw thee well, eve found thee dead,
  Curs'd epidemic slew thee.

Thy birth-place was at Ledstone-Hall,
  A fine and noble dwelling;
Thy death-place at a butcher's stall,
  Where cheap good meat is selling.

Thy master and thy mistress, Ned,
  With shop-boy, bairns, and servant,
Did simultaneously shed
  Their tears of sorrow fervent.

No more thou'lt plunge the wintry wave
  To catch my floating stick;
No more thou'lt leap and fondly crave
  Thy master's hand to lick.

Thou wast the comrade of my way,
  Thou'st snor'd beside my fender;
Sometimes my children's horse by day,
  By night our brave defender.

Death threw thee down, no more to rise,
  That black insatiate glutton;
I'd rather seen him gormandize
  On twenty legs of mutton.

Ye butchers all, of Duncan-street,
  Come shed a tear for Neddy;
He ne'er was rogue upon your meat,
  But honest, good, and steady.

Ye who perchance shall read this rhyme,
  Learn from poor Edward's story,
That death delights on man to dine,
  As well as dogs to worry.

But every atom of man's frame
  Shall reunited be;
But Ned shall never rise again
  To all eternity.

RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY.

How many knees in mock'ry bend
  Within thy sacred temples, Lord;
Their tongues unto thy worship lend,
  Their ears, not hearts, unto thy word.

Their very charities are drawn
  From ostentation's gaudy purse;
Such godliness is but a form,
  Such cloak than nakedness is worse.

A mask devotion ever spurns,
  Its spirit, Lord, is breath'd by thee,
And like the magnet needle turns,
  And points to heaven though tremblingly.

ON SEEING A SPARROW SHOT

WHILE CHIRPING ON THE HOUSE TOP.

Ah, little deem'dst thou, timid sparrow,
While chirping on the rigging narrow,
That death sae soon wad fling his arrow
To pierce thy breast;
But thou art gane, and nane to sorrow
O'er thy lone rest.

No more in some lapideous chink,
With active beak and strange instinct,
Thou'lt cut, adjust, and nicely link
Thy feath'ry dome.
Alas, thou'st cross'd life's narrow brink
To thy long home.

No more within my garden hedge
In desperate conflict thou'lt engage,
And wi' a little game cock's rage
Attack some poor
And harmless robin—on this life's stage
Thou'lt fight no more.

No more that little eye shall glisten,
No more that little ear shall listen,
No more those feet upon my kitchen
Shall nimbly hop,
Nor scatter'd grain in farmyard (vixen)
Shall sate thy crop.

Reader, know this! the time will come,
When Death at thee will point his gun,
And bid the belfry's iron tongue
Call for thy clay:
Then all who read, if not begun,
Begin to pray.

For man is of far greater worth
Than all the sparrows of the earth;
Then let us for our second birth
Prepared be,
And seek our wells of worldly mirth
In purity.

MOSES AT THE RED SEA.

He stood upon the shore,
His rod was in his hand;
He heard the fitful billows roar,
Knew Pharaoh's stern command,
And with that rod he smote that sea,
A dry path open'd suddenly.

As walls on either side
The sever'd waters stood;
Roll'd was its undulating tide
Into a mountain flood,
Till Moses with his numerous host
Safely gain'd the other coast.

The tyrant onward came,
Nor check'd his charioteer;
All miracles to him were vain,
He trembled not with fear;

But down that horrid gulf profound,
Enter'd with the trumpet's sound.

The pent up waters seem'd
  To struggle to get free;
Proud Pharaoh saw—but little deem'd
  That in that greedy sea
He should lose his life and crown,
And all his host be overthrown.

But Moses rais'd his rod,
  And smote again that sea;
The waves, obedient to their God,
  Again dash'd loudly free,
And king, and steed, and warrior sank,
Like lead within the waves they drank.

THE CAPTIVE JEW'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, Jerusalem, land of my birth,
  And you, ye Bethlehem shades,
Cleave my tongue to the roof of my mouth,
  If ever your memory fades.

My harp on the willow I've hung,
  I'm torn from all I hold dear,
And hence to the notes of my tongue,
  Mine eye shall respond with a tear.

No more from the strings of my harp,
  Shall joy's melting strains ever fall;
Despair has its throne on my heart,
  And vainly on hope do I call.

I sigh, but my sigh is unheard;
  I weep, but my weeping is vain;
I feel as a poor plaintive bird,
  When its home and nestlings are ta'en.

No joy can I find on the earth,
  While parted from thee and my home;
Farewell, then, thou land of my birth,
  I must utter captivity's groan.

But never, oh, never shalt thou
  Be torn from dear memory's grasp;
I'll commix with the streams' gentle flow,
  My tears for delights that are past.

SHORTHAND.

What is it when debate runs high,
And thunders rend the senate—sky,
While peals on peals of order fly,
  Tells of the strife?
What is it but stenography,
  The country's life.

What is it in our civil courts
Tells how the lawmen strain their throats,
Each gabbling till he hoarsely croaks,
His cause to land,
Makes falsehood wear veracious looks?
Why 'tis shorthand.

What is it public speakers dread,
For fear their cogitating head
Blunders in nonsense, and it spread
Through all the land,
And in the newspapers be read?
Why 'tis shorthand.

Oh, all ye bards who love to rhyme,
And ye who love on news to dine,
Ye Whigs and Tories, all combine,
Through all the land,
And shout (your glasses fill'd with wine)
"Long live shorthand."

THE YOUTH'S RESOLUTION.

Oh, may I keep Thy sacred day
Free from pollution's stain,
And may I banish far away
Unholy thoughts and vain.

While wicked children in the lane
  Are playing at their sport,
I'll worship in Thy holy fane,
  Where people good resort.

I'll listen to Thy holy word,
  And try to understand,
For glorious things I oft have heard
  About that better land.

They tell me that its streets are pav'd
  With gold and diamonds bright;
That there are crowns with gems inlaid,
  And day without a night.

That children good, who serve the Lord,
  And do their parents' will,
Shall, when they die, have this reward,
  On Zion's holy hill.

Then night and morn I'll bend my knee,
  And with it bend my heart;
While life shall last, my God, from thee
  I never will depart.

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

Alas, poor hare, the time has come,
Thy sand of life is almost run;
The sportsman now has taen his gun
Frae of the balk where lang it hung,
Has put his shooting jacket on,
Enjoins his dogs to range among
The second crop of clover long,
Perchance a field of unreap'd corn;
While some with sticks the hedges beat,
Anxious to find thy lone retreat,
To scare thee out, to lift the gun,
And shed thy blood, and call it *fun.*
Oh, could'st thou speak and call folks names,
The sporting tribe thou'dst christen *Cains*
And cry, "Bad luck to all the clan,
I wish the d——l had each man."

ON A CHILD TWO YEARS OF AGE,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PUT TO A LINGERING DEATH BY ITS INHUMAN MOTHER.

No looks of love, no accents mild,
Were ever thine, poor murder'd child;
Protracted death was thy young life,
With bitterness thy cup was rife.

A tender flower surviving still
The ruthless foot that stamp'd to kill;
Nor dwells in sea or forest wild
A monster like thy mother, child.

IMPROMPTU.

We all are sowers, and we all shall reap,
Perchance, in time, ere death's keen cutting scythe
Reap us and lodge us in the grave—that barn
Which holds the mortal harvest till the day
When Death himself gives up the ghost, when chaff
From wheat is winnow'd,—*that* burn'd, *this* garner'd,
In the Eternal Storehouse of the skies.

HOMES.

Terrestrial scenes can ne'er impart
That joy unto the sailor's heart
As vast old Ocean's swelling wave;
Friendship's tear in vain may start,
In vain a mother's bleeding heart,
Wreckless the angry god he'll brave;
And as he o'er the waters glides,
He feels as much the Ocean's child

As any of the finny tribes,
In calm, or storm, or tempest wild;
And as he sings, the fresh'ning breeze,
That swells his canvas, curls the seas,
Wafts to the passing bark the tone,
The ocean is the sailor's home.

The swallow's home is 'neath the eaves,
The warbler's 'mongst the dense green leaves,
The baby's at its mother's breast,
The nestlings' in their downy nest,
The lover's at his maiden's side,
The bridegroom's with his blooming bride;
But ask the *heart*—its tongue alone
Can tell that dearest spot called home.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND,

COMPOSED DURING THE CHARTIST RIOTS AND A PROTRACTED PANIC.

A mixture of Scotch and English.

AMERICA.

Thy policy I dinna like;
John Bull is but a stupid tyke,
Else the ruling men he'd spike,
Foes to the Charter,
Or souse the blackguards in a dyke
Of muddy water.

The unholy tie of Church and State,
Gif I'd John's cards to play, I'd break,
Nor let one Churchman's fingers rake
Frae out my breeches
A single baubee for Church-rate,
Nor hams nor flitches.

Some of thy emigrants narrate
That John is in a wofu' state,
Nothing to do but stand and gape,
Or ask relief;
He can't get thickens for his plate,
So much more beef.

Thy kings and princes, dukes and lords,
Write awe upon their gold and swords,
And independent John in cords
They slily fetter;
For by t' corn law to poor John's boards
They've gi'en a sweater.

Time was when John had cheerful hame,
When once a-year his thrifty dame
Could salt a pig and render same
Cheerful together;
When he could line with beef his wame,
His nest with feather.

But now John's is a wofu' case,
I oft get samples of his face;
Yea, ilka day takes of his race,
And ower the brine
Sends them to seek in my embrace
A happier clime.

November's foggy month, I fear,
Will find John scant o' fire and gear;
I wish the *ass* may patient bear
His load o' wrangs,
Though, faith, there's muckle doubt to fear
He'll kick in gangs.

And then the red coats wi' a clatter,
And brave militia chiels he'll scatter,
With thick hedge-stakes their mail he'll batter
Wi' heavy clang;
Slackness wi' John is nae sma' matter
For t'frying pan:

Keep that but frizzling on his fire,
And make bad laws until ye tire;
But pine him, and (I am no liar)
His foes he'll strew,
And mak sic wark amang ye higher,
Ye'll quail and rue.

Ye picture him wi' great big wame,
And sae he used to be; but nane
Will say that now he's like the same
In corporation;
John feels there wants (nor feels in vain)
An alteration.

That alteration's right to barter
With friend and foe across the water;
Gif thou withhold the free-trade charter,
State Doctor Peel,
I wad nae give thee my old garter
For John Bull's weal.

ALBION.

I hae na time now for reply,
I'm vending pork brought frae thy stye,
And John Bull says that to the eye
It seems nice dish,
Though faith it gars you gan as dry
As onie fish.

REMEMBRANCE.

I envy thee, my little pet,
Because thou canst at once forget;
But oft that magic word *Remember*,
Doth turn my June into December.

THE BURIAL OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE GRAVE, GRUMBLING, SAYS,—

"Who is this without a tear
Ye are bringing to lay here
On my consecrated breast?"

BEARER.

"A bachelor here seeks to rest."

GRAVE.

"Such may seek but shall not find,
For they rob me of my prey;
Blind to beauty, and unkind,
Useless as automata.
I will not hide his barren clay,
Send him to some desert lone,
Where nor life nor fruit is seen,
To be as though he ne'er had been."

ON A CLEAN WIFE.

She's one the cleanest of her gender,
For if you put your feet on t' fender,
In blacken'd look and storming tongue,
You'll read which way the bull doth run.

I CAME AND SAW THEE NOT.

I came and saw thee not,
  Pride would not bend her knee;
Yet nought but death alone can blot
  My memory of thee.

I came and past thy home;
  My heart was cleft in twain,
To think that thou should'st weep alone,
  And I thy cause of pain.

I came, but ne'er again
  My feet shall wander by;
Forgive, dear maid, for still love's flame
  To thee is burning high.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A PEDLER'S CAMP PITCHED ON THE OLD LANE SIDE, SCOTLAND, HORSFORTH.

My friend, again my grey goose quill
Has dipped in ink its little bill,
To sketch, with true descriptive skill,
  On fine white paper,
A scene I saw beneath the hill,
  By night's wan taper.

Imprimis, then. You see, my lad,
In the old lane with whins that's clad,
A family of pedlers had
Fix'd their abode,
Drawn by a broken-winded nag,
A whole cart load.

Few paces off, this crazy mare
Was grazing on a scanty fare,
Cropping the turf, already bare,
Wi' hunger keen;
A feed o'corn is dainty rare
To her, I ween.

Woe to the farmers' hedges now,
They, crackling, liberally bestow
Their rotten entrails to the glow
Of fire and spark;
His grass, too, makes the humble bow
To their scythe sharp.

Their pedlery was chiefly pots,
All hamper'd close in various lots,
And selling, begging were the props
Of their support;
The man and wife were drunken sots,
With rum-leagued throats.

Around a stick fire blazing bright,
That cast abroad a flickering light,
On cold bare stones sat each ragg'd wight,
With unshod feet;
Yet family in happier plight
I ne'er did meet.

Beneath the shelter of a thorn
This troop, itinerant, forlorn,
Had fix'd their camp, so that the storm
Might not invade
Their beds of straw, whose coverlet torn
Of rags was made.

But now the porridge pan's hung up;
Anon the houseless group all sup;
Some old milk drink from broken cup;
Some swear and bawl
Lest nought be left wherewith to glut
Their stomach's call.

Such are these pedlers, and as such
The naked truth withouten touch
Of ardent fancy, inasmuch
As what I write
I saw, so now 'tis midnight's hush,
I bid good night.

ON SIR ROBERT PEEL'S BUDGET,

WHEN HE RELAXED SEVEN HUNDRED DUTIES.

The budget of Sir Robert Peel
Must enhance Britannia's weal;
'Twill make the poor man better able
To keep a more abundant table.
Ye men of cloth and men of flax
Rejoice, your trades are sure to wax;
Seven hundred duties he'll relax,
Ye'll get more wool upon your backs.
Exult, old wives, o'er steaming tea,
Thank Robert what he's done for ye;
The lucky period yet may come
When in your darling cup a drap
Of the dear creature called rum,
Ye may afford to oil your clack,
While fatty cakes in seas of butter,
Slip down your greasy stomach-gutter.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Eigas ævum—lead your life
As ye know ye ought, man;
Love na woman but your wife,
Then ye'll be in t' right, man.

Stick to her as doth the 'bine
  To the tree, its lover;
And when ye hae a hedge to climb,
  Help ane anither over.

Thus hand in hand go plodding on
  Up life's hill together,
And always sing contentment's song,
  In fine and rainy weather.

If you've got wee things to keep,
  Tak them on your knee, man;
Tell them of auld Sootie Nick,
  And what is maist, his glee, man.

Tell them how he gangs all o'er,
  Like a roaring lion,
Seeking whom he may devour,
  In his den to fry 'em.

Tell them of his great club foot,
  Wi' which he kicks poor sinners;
Tell how he gives them scolding hot
  Blue brimstane to their dinners.

Tell them that unless they're good,
  And never cheat or steal,
They'll hae to eat sic hellish food
  For ever with the deil.

Then change thy theme, and point above
  To that Almighty power;
Tell of His goodness and His love,
  Which daily on us shower.

Tell how He left his radiant throne
  To rescue us from death;
Tell of that agonizing groan,
  And pray'r of His last breath.

Tell how He'll come to judge the world,
  That sun, moon, stars, will fall,
While thunderbolts before Him hurl'd
  Will crush this earthly ball.

That then, when all the world's on fire,
  He'll sit upon His throne;
On bad boys pour His vengeful ire,
  But welcome good boys home.

Tell them when they gang to school
  The truant ne'er to play,
Nor stop to paddle in the pool,
  But mind their book alway.

Mark well and inwardly digest
  Whate'er I've said that's right;
So now that I am half undrest,
  I *bid thee, friend,* good night.

SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

NO. 44, JOHNSON'S RAMBLER PARAPHRASED.

'Tis said that dreams from Jove descend,
That some our future fates portend;
That oft in sleep's unconscious hour,
We're gifted with a prescient power.

I had a dream—that dream was this:
Methought fill'd with convivial bliss;
I shar'd in wit's loquacity,
Deep revelling in luxury.
When, lo! a more terrific form
Than ere in fancy's womb was born,
Stood full before my ravish'd sight,
And of my sense bereft me quite.
Her mantle was a sable garb,
Her skin with thousand wrinkles marr'd,
Her eyes deep sunk within her head,
Proclaim'd her of the spectre-dead;
While unrelenting rigour's stroke
Was trac'd upon her withered look.
She held within her bony hand
A scorpion and a scourging wand;
Then with a voice which shook the ground,
And in my breast an echo found,
She bid me follow her command.

O'er rugged paths with thorns beset,
She silent led my trembling step
Into a solitary vale,
Where gloom tartarean did prevail;
Her footsteps, too, where'er she trod,
Stamp'd blight upon the verdant sod.
Her breath—the pestilential air,
That wrapt in gloom the heavens fair,
Brought wild beasts howling from their lair.
Amidst this direful scene she spoke,
And thus the awful stillness broke:

"Return with me, unthinking man,
And this dark lesson from me learn,
That human life should ever dwell
Within the dreary, darksome cell;
There tune thy voice to notes of woe,
There nought but lamentation know;
Ne'er must thine eyes with pleasure beam,
But floods of sorrow from them stream:
For that great God who dwells on high,
Loves the sad worship of a sigh."

She ended, and I felt as dead,
Each principle of joy was fled,
Beneath a dark and blasted yew,
Through which low moaning winds now blew,
Full of *despair myself* I threw,

And there I lay resolved to die,
A vessel full of misery.

Not distant far from where I lay,
A muddy river roll'd away,
Whose murky waves made plaintive moan,
That well accorded with the gloom:
In its dark depths I rose, inclin'd
To quench the hell that burn'd my mind.

I gain'd its brink—one moment more
Its waters might with sullen roar
Have sung my death dirge—all been o'er;
When, lo! a hand, more quick than thought,
Me from that dreadful brink had caught;
I turn'd me round in quick surprise,
When, lo! such object met my eyes
As ne'er on earth I'd seen before,
Or read of in the days of yore.
Eternal youth sat on her brow,
And heaven seem'd in her eyes to glow;
Above and round her form there hung
A glory brighter than the sun;
While soft compassion, peace, and love
Proclaim'd her from the realms above.

At her approach the haggard form
Evanish'd midst a whirlwind storm;

Her gloomy clouds and shades of woe
Did with her, too, as quickly go.
The raven's croaking voice was o'er,
And hush'd the wild beast's dreadful roar;
The blighted earth look'd fresh and gay,
The sun shed down a cheerful day,
And now this scene, so late of gloom,
Could not from Paradise be known,
Within my breast reviving hope,
With all its train of joys awoke,
And scatter'd like the morning sun,
The mists of gloom that o'er it hung;
When with a heavenly sweetness fraught,
This lesson my deliverer taught:

"My name is Religion, my home is above,
Descendant am I of Truth and of Love;
I'm the parent of Kindness, of Hope, and of Joy,
Going about to do good my only employ.
The name of the monster from whom thou art freed,
Is foul Superstition array'd in dark weed;
Discontent is her sire, and Sorrow's her dome,
Where she squats like a toad to croak or to moan.
Yet though we thus differ, as darkness from light,
She often assumes my title and right,
And induces poor mortals, by using my name,
Unwary to think us as one or the same;
Till at last to the brink of despair they are driven,
Bereft of their hope—depriv'd of their heaven.

"Lift thine eyes to heaven above,
  Cast them on the earth below;
Read inscrib'd thy Maker's love,
  From whence all comforts flow.
Canst thou think that He design'd
  This beauteous globe to be
The dome of superstition blind,
  The abode of misery?
Dost thou not enjoy the scene
Of Nature's varied face?
The rocky hills, and gushing rills,—
The verdant lawn, and sweet hawthorn,—
The gentle showers, and fragrant flowers,—
The morning mild, and evening wild,—
The moon's pale car, and twinkling star,—
Spring's bursting gloom, rich harvest home,—
And summer's glow, and winter's snow,—
Do such to thee, I say, no happiness bestow?
If, then, unerring Wisdom's plan
Contriv'd these for the good of man,
And gave his mind the strong desire
After enjoyment to aspire,
How canst thou think that tears and sighs
To Him are pleasing sacrifice?
To enjoy the blessings that He sends,
Is virtue and obedience;
But to reject the varied good,
As means of pleasure, is absurd."

She ended. "And is this," cried I,
"The language used by piety?
Does she, o'er paths adorn'd with flowers,
Her votaries lead to blooming bowers;
There bid them pass a life of ease,
Fann'd only by the fragrant breeze?
Where is virtue's slippery steep,
And penitential eyes that weep?
Where has self-denial fled,
The crown of saint's, and hero's head?"

"The true delights," she smiling said,
"Of such as are by reason led,
Do not consist in frolics vain,
Or fanning sinful passion's flame.
No ease luxurious loads their hours,—
No serpent lurks among their flowers,—
For well they know the joys of sin,
Conceal beneath their garb a sting,
By sowing to immoral sweets,
The mind but base corruption reaps,
And living unto sensual joys,
Debases and disqualifies:
Both plunge us into misery's flood,—
Both choke the seeds of genuine good.

"The man who aims at pleasures pure,
Pleasures *permanent* and sure,

Must sow the garden of his mind
With seeds that spring from actions kind,—
Must dedicate his nobler powers
To Him who ceaseless blessings showers.
But to his lower faculties
He may grant such indulgencies
As stimulate his high pursuits,
Not equalize him with the brutes.

"In the regions of glory,
  Those homes of the just,
Streams of pleasure roll o'er thee,
  Eternal their gush,
No mounds check their courses,
  No trouble alloys,
In God are their sources,
  The fountain of joys;
But beings whose minds are infected with sin,
Whence rises remorse, the pang of its sting,
Must drink of the med'cine prescrib'd for their cure,
And with patience the workings of nature endure.

"Still man's entitled to a share
  Of all those balmy joys
Afforded by this mansion fair,
  Which heal, but not destroys;
While from a secret sense within,
Of heart diseased recovering,
The liveliest, purest joy will spring;

Thus hope the guilty state attends,
And to the gloom a ray it lends,
A drop of joy with grief it blends;
Then shudder, mortal, at the thought,
Of that dark gulf with horror fraught.

"Thus while encouragement is given
To him whose heart with guilt is riven,
Yet sweeter consolations far
Support the Christian in the war
Of human frailties. His the power
To conquer in temptation's hour;
He is assisted by a might
That ne'er knows flight in thickest fight;
And thus he battles, but to be
Crown'd victor through Eternity.

"To him shall self-abasement rise,
A ladder reaching to the skies;
Since they who faithfully confess
Their almost less than nothingness,
Shall, 'neath my guidance, soon acquire
The summit of their heart's desire.

"The Christian, burning with the aim
The approval of his King to gain,
Shall trample 'neath his heaven-bound feet,
Each hindrance that his path may meet,

Secure of every needful aid,
His trust upon his Sovereign stay'd,
Through seas of trials though he wade,
With vigour fresh he's still array'd.

"The proper sphere our good to try,
Is intermix'd society;
There restraints of various kinds,
Will exercise our wav'ring minds,
And usefulness to all impart,
While it improves the head and heart.

"Happiness is not a sin,
Nor is't duty suffering;
But when the former strengthens vice,
And makes us virtue's path despise,
Or when the latter must be borne,
To guilty avoid, and vice dethrone.

"The present happiness of man,
When balanc'd with his heaven above,
Is to infinity a span,
A creature's to his Maker's love,
A whisper unto thunder's roar,
A moment unto evermore.

"But though in contrast 'tis thus low,
Despise it not, Heaven did bestow
The treasure not to be contemn'd;
Then let it with thy sorrow blend;

But trample on such lures as lie,
To check thy passage to the sky.

"Return, deluded man, with me,
From haunts of woe and misery,
To moderate felicity;
Remember Superstition's aim
Is to quench love's social flame,
And blindedly to break in twain
Society's fraternal chain.

"Religion's not confin'd to cells,
Nor loves it's ear the grating swells
Of moping grief's discordant bells;
Retire with me again, I say;
Hence cheerful tread contentment's way,
No greater homage canst thou pay
To Him, the author of thy day,
Than bowing to His sovereign sway."

Here my preceptress paus'd. Ere I
Could grateful make my thank's reply,
The ring of bells, from village flung,
Awoke me with their tuneful tongue;
And the glorious rising sun,
Told the day had just begun;
My dream evanish'd; I arose
Instructed by my night's repose.

THE NETTLE'S SONG.

We are springing, we are springing,
Lady, by the old lane side;
Infant Spring is with us singing,
Fair one, don't our song deride.

Pale one, quit thy poisoned chamber,
When young day its eyelids ope,
To its beauties be no stranger,
Wan one, while there's life there's hope.

Lady, vulgar though you think us,
We can purify life's stream;
And our virtues, only drink us,
May thy sinking health redeem.

Mark us, lady, we'll not knuckle
To the best physician's skill;
For we have a right to chuckle
Over dose and over pill.

Lend thine ear not to the puffing
Of empiric *alias* quack;
For, believe us, without puffing,
We can ever beat him black.

Come, then, while the dew still lingers,
  Flashing in the new-born light;
And thy gloves shall make thy fingers
  Fearless of our blistering bite.

A PRAYER.

Oh, Thou in whom we live and move,
  From whom all comforts flow,
Thou fountain pure of sacred love,
  To Thee my knee I bow.

Oh, if to prayers sincere, contrite,
  Thou e'er didst lend an ear,
Descend, great God, in all thy might,
  And wipe a pilgrim's tear.

A solitary wanderer I,
  Far from my Shepherd's fold;
But, oh, with pity in Thine eye,
  The prodigal behold.

And, oh, when Death shall claim my clay,
  An angel escort send,
To lead my soul the heavenly way,
  To joys that never end.

A REMINISCENCE.

I do remember when a child,
A heedless youth by many styled,
How by the fire in winter wild
I sat half roast,
While neighbours evening hours beguil'd
By tales o'ghost.

And when sic tales I've heard or read,
Oh, how I've fear'd to gang to bed,
Lest some sprite of wand'ring dead
In white appear!
I've wrapt the bed clothes o'er my head,
And quak'd with fear.

ON SENDING A DISH OF MUSHROOMS T A FRIEND.

This mushroom born at peep of dawn,
Ere chanticleer had wak'd the morn,
I gather'd with my dew-wash'd hands,
Within the confines of my lands;
Nor would they shame the board of king,
Transmitted by yours, faithful

JIM.

GOD'S CARE.

No link, however mean,
In life's unbounded chain,
From giant life to life unseen,
In forest, sea, and plain,
But tenderest care and mightiest power,
Watch o'er them through life's little hour.

ON FINDING A FLY CRUSHED TO DEATH IN A BOOK.

Thou little, timid, teazing fly,
Why didst thou not thy pinions ply?
Didst thou not on the page descry
Thy pending doom?
Or thou wast *blind* who art all *eye*,
Wrapt in a swoon?

Was it some anxious thirst for learning,
That in thy little heart was burning?
Or deem'dst thou that by hither turning
Thou then would'st find
Some sweets for which thy heart was yearning
Distress'd and pin'd?

How many a dozer in his chair,
Hast thou made start and fit to swear,
Giving his nose (to kill thee there)
Vindictive slap,
When, lo! he has not hurt one hair,
But *kill'd his nap.*

Alas! poor, teazing, hapless fly,
Upon the page where thou didst die,
A fast memento there doth lie,
A sanguine stain,
Which to erase, howe'er I try,
I try in vain.

THE STARS.

Ye unknown orbs that roll on high,
Say, were ye made for man alone?
Do ye control his destiny,
By link mysterious and unknown?
Or do immortals sinless tread
Your fadeless bowers where nectar flows?
Oh, know ye not your Maker bled,
Submitting to death's bitterest throes,
That mortals o'er immortals might
Differ in bliss as ye in light?

DESPOTISM.

Hast thou sojourned in orient clime,
And felt the scourge of despot's pow'r,
Which bans the sod, and blights the vine,
And withers ev'ry virgin flow'r,
That decks each sweet Iberian bow'r?
Hast thou, when ev'ning shadows close,
Heard the peerless bulbul cheer
With melody its plighted rose,
A song unfit for serfdom's ear?
Oh, if thou hast, thou wilt agree
That thraldom is to enslav'd man
What canker is unto the tree,
Or mildew to the garden flower,
Or gyves to limbs that should be free,
Or lightning to the turret tower,
Or caterpillar to the leaf,
Or sword that never knows its sheath,
A nation's millstone, curse, and ban.

MY EARLY FONDNESS FOR SOLITUDE.

Remonstrance of maternal love,
  Nor wrath of angry sire,
To quench, did unavailing prove,
  My solitude's desire.

With thronging thoughts, in musing mood,
  Though thoughtless I was styl'd,
I've sought the churchyard solitude,
  When but a very child.

The tolling-bell, the coffin there,
  The mournful cavalcade,
Ask'd my sympathizing tear,
  And sympathy obey'd.

The summit of Parnasus' steep,
  The fount of Helicon,
Round which the muses' airy feet
  Dance with the child of song.

Such names to me were then unknown,
  Their spirit only felt;
It made creation all my own,
  And kindled fires which melt.

ON A FAST DAY.

Oh, may this fast, Great Incensed Power,
  Thee propitiate and win;
All Good rebuke the with'ring power
  Of reigning dearth for reigning sin.
"God bless the seed of promis'd bread,"
And raise a nation's prostrate head.

AUGUST—A SONNET.

Imbosom'd now within the rural plot
  That circumscribes the produce of the farm,
On rugged pedestal the varied crop,
  With temporary thatch to keep from harm,
Imbrowned stands—the hay of sweating herb,
  Mingling its grateful fragrance with the breeze,
Tempts to the bounds the simple lowing herd :
  One bolder than the rest contrives to squeeze
A passage to the interdicted ground ;
  With tongue and horns unsightly holes they make ;
The hay in wee bit heaps lies strew'd around,
  The farmer sees, and seizing rail or rake,
With angry bawl and bastinado dire,
Expends upon their rumps in vengeful blows his ire.

DRUNKENNESS.

Nae evil in this world is found
O'er thirsty souls to gain more ground,
Nor family bliss sae deeply wound,
  As drunkenness ;
Delirium tremens, health unsound,
  Attend this pest.

I'll tak an aith that there is nane
Of a' the ills which kill a name,
To hurry faster down the lane
Which leads to hell,
Than this which gies to thirst brimstane,
Where devils dwell.

So few this evil tide can stem,
That many gang to Auld Nick's den
Amaist before they look or ken;
Poor drunken chiels,
How horror-struck they'll find themseln
Amang the deils!

The drunken joys which frae it springs,
The hiccup-music which it sings,
The mirth which o'er the face it flings,
Saen gang away,
And care, which out o' doors it flings,
Returns wi' day.

The many tears a wife has shed,
The many hearts that oft hae bled,
While human swine hae snor'd in bed,
I canna say;
It maks wives wish their husbands dead,
And laid in clay.

FATHER! BESTOW A THANKFUL HEART?

Father! bestow a thankful heart?
  No other boon I would;
A heart to which Thy gifts impart,
  The feeling Thou art good.

Thy hand, paternal to my board,
  Rich plenty's horn hath given;
Ne'er from my heart, by wish to hoard,
  May sympathy be driven.

Ne'er may my hospitable door
  Ope slowly to distress;
For charity may make *much more*,
  But ne'er make *little less*.

Can fortune, fickler than the wind,
  And blind as new whelp'd puppy,
Life's fraternal law rescind,
  By making one unlucky?

No, for the cotter at the plough
  Is still the lordling's brother;
Though in this life unequal now,
  They're equal in another.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

At midnight hour a beauteous maid
Sadly left the masquerade,
Besides her lay her hat and plume,—
Her harp and heart are out of tune;
The lunar beam and stellar ray
Weave a magic scene around her,
On pillar'd dome and cascade play.
What's the spell that thus hath bound her?
Doth she dream a waking dream?
Is her spirit far away,
In clime whose bowers are ever green,
Whose flowers never know decay?
No, 'tis not a heavenly flame
Lifts her mournful eyes to heaven;
Her spirit to despair is given,
For *friends* have snapp'd that golden chain
Forg'd by love, and not in vain.
Oh, 'tis perilous to sever
Links which ought to bind for ever!
It opes a wound no skill can stay,
And bleeds the heart itself away.
What hecatombs at Mammon's shrine
Of hearts, parental love hath given!
Yet none of perpetrated crime
Can challenge more the frown of heaven:

It plucks from maiden's cheek the rose;
Steals from her pillow sound repose;
It drives her in distraction wild
To tread the margin of the deep.
Poor, lonely, wan, misfortune's child,
Seeking in waves that murmuring glide
An unrevealed suicide.
But she, the subject of my song,
Meekly sought her dying pillow;
Life's taper did not flicker long;
The wreck soon sank beneath the billow;
Her love, with undiminish'd ray,
Burnt till it burnt itself away.

A SUNDAY SAINT AND MONDAY DEVIL.

A saint is cloth'd from head to foot
  In garments unpolluted;
A devil's garb is black as soot,
  Unless he be transmuted.

And then what limner's brush can paint
  So beauteous an evil
Transformed into a Sunday saint,
  Though *but a Mon*day devil!

REVELATIONS, CHAP. XIV., PARAPHRASED.

I look'd, and, lo, a Lamb
On Sion's mountain stood;
I saw it was the same
Redeem'd us with His blood;
While thousands, on whose forehead fair
His Father's name gleam'd forth, stood there.

A voice, loud as the roar
Of thunder or of floods,
With dulcet notes sweet as of yore,
That mountains charm'd and woods,
I heard, but no man knew the song,
No, none—but that redeemed throng.

* * * * *

End of Juvenile Poems.

POEMS.

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT DO YOU LOVE?"

I love to wander in that silent hour,
  When twilight has usurp'd her sombre sway;
I love to breathe the fragrance of each flower
  That flings its perfume o'er my moss-grown way;
I list with pleasure to the beetle's hum,
  The droning music of its tortuous flight;
The bustle of the world I've learned to shun,
  And lonely walks my willing feet invite,
There to enjoy and drink the freshness of the night.

I love to watch the golden orb of day
  Tinge with his crimson hue each fleecy cloud
That calmly sails athwart his western way,
  While from the east, immantled in her shroud,
Creeps night, and with her dark and stern array
  Startles all nature into dewy tears:
'Tis now I would pursue my musing way,
  For night has charms which me to her endears,
And in *the milky* way the path of God appears.

I love to view night's glorious taper rise,
  When just she peeps above the mountain's brow,
While 'neath her car in cradled slumber lies
  Some lonely cloud ting'd with her radiant glow,
And lullèd nature calmly sleeps below:
  Him who can view unmov'd such stirring scene
I envy not; my heart melts like the snow,
  And each emotion is a gushing stream
Of rapturous feeling. 'Tis no cheating dream,

But waking ecstasy; to few but known,
  Yet known to all whose hearts can harmonize
With such sublimity. The heavens are strewn
  With wonders bright; yet man can raise his eyes
And gaze on all, nor see a Hand all wise,
  Omnipotent inscribed on every star;
Can view unmoved the glorious spangled skies,
  And yet his mind against conviction bar,
And own not that 'gainst God he's proudly waging war.

I love the blushing face of early morn,
  When groves awake to harmony and love;
When mingled perfumes on the breeze are borne,
  And joy below responds to joy above.
I hear in sighing winds a harmony,
  And music in the gurgling of a brook.
I do exult to feel that I am free
  To wander forth and read in nature's book,
When heaven and earth put on their most alluring look.

I love the distant splashing of a rill,
  When silence listens to its bubbling voice;
I love a mild declivity of hill,
  Where I reclined can muse, remote from noise,
Whence fancy takes her flight to taste those joys
  Which neither eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,
The only way to which points out the Holy Word,
Our Dove of future promise—that dear celestial Bird.

I love the gentle breeze that pilfers sweets
  From rose and woodbine, and each simple flower
That wildly grows—each has a voice that speaks,
  Yet speaks most loudly in the dewy hour;
Their voice is eloquent, and they shower
  From every leaf conviction on the mind
That there's a God of all-creating power:
  And wilful he, and obstinately blind,
Who sees not such a Power in every flower enshrined.

I love to lie recumbent on a steep,
  Whose sides are robed in bushy mantles green;
Where crystal springs leap bubbling at my feet,
  And honey bees with lulling hum are seen;
Where boughs umbrageous check the sultry beam,
  That else would pierce and scorch with fervid heat.
From solitude like this nought can me wean;
  Such scenes my mind does and shall ever greet;
For joys, known but to few, from haunts like these

I reap.

I love to mingle with the rural band,
  When 'neath some shade in harvest they repair;
While one with bottle in his brawny hand
  Deals out the liquid joy,—to each his share,—
I, too, partaking of their simple fare.
  'Tis there I find, at this refreshing hour,
E'en pleasure in the simple ploughboy's stare,
  While teazing flies collect around the mower,
Sip sweat from bronzed brows and brawny arms a show'r.

I love stern winter with his frost and snow,
  When farmers pile the crackling fagots on;
'Tis round the hearth that rustic bosoms glow,
  To hear and tell the tale, and sing their song.
Nor wealth nor fame such pleasure can bestow,
  'Tis here alone pure joy bids grief begone;
She reigns, and moments evanescent flow,
  Makes every eve seem short that is so long,
While laughter stamps his foot, so merry is the throng.

I love the dying sighs of naked trees,
  "When autumn winds are at their ev'ning song;"
When wither'd leaves are hurl'd by ev'ry breeze
  High in the air;—now as I walk along
I read in these the fate of God-like man,
  He blooms, he flourishes, then with'ring falls
To the primeval dust from whence he sprang:
  How glittering toys his abject heart enthrals,
Yet none of these he'll find in death's imperial halls.

The mould'ring tower with ivy green array'd,
  The vernal fields adorn'd with gems of rain,
The sunken glen that's ever wrapt in shade,
  The stream which trickles from the rocky vein,
The waving harvest with its golden grain,
  The rural hamlet bosom'd in the vale,
The bushy path which leads to village fane,
  These,—such as these, I love,—they never fail
To breathe around a joy the muse loves to inhale.

I love to tread the path of rectitude,
  And do to man as man should do to me;
I would such principles all hearts imbued,
  'Twould dry up many a stream of misery,
And demon strife our happy homes would flee.
  How grasping self sways sceptre o'er man's will,
And forges all the chains of slavery;
  The blood which it hath spilt would make a rill,
Combin'd with all the tears, enough to turn a mill.

O homicidal self, of tearless eye
  And stony heart, as desert without spring,—
Thou art an axe to many a family,
  Cutting asunder each heart-knitting string,—
Beneath thy sway domestic peace takes wing,
  And dark mistrust invades;—thou art a bird
Which for itself doth solitary sing;
  Thy heart the plaint of woe hath never stirr'd,
No tongue can count the debt of crime thou hast incurr'd.

O what a happy world this world might be,
  If *hearts* were cultivated more than *purse*;
As burning flax, the bond of amity
  Is sever'd between rich and poor,—a curse
Than which no evil in this world is worse:
  The deep profound of human misery,
In whose abyss men's passions do immerse
  Their fellow-men, in depth might far less be,
By throwing in base self and dark misanthropy.

How Heaven insists on love of man to man,
  And ever frowns upon that silly heart
That lies within malignant envy's span.
  Envy and malice make their owner smart,
Infernal agents arm'd with hellish dart,—
  Encamp'd within they hold their with'ring sway,
And bite like asps the heart in every part.
  Man's life at longest is a transient stay,
Then why not plant bright flowers, not thistles, in life's way!

Heaven interdict the crying wicked thing,
  Of men like bloodhounds chasing to devour;
O let us seek those spots withouten spring,
  And water every sickly, drooping flower,
That never knew the shelter of a bower.
  To seek the outcast, and to wipe the tear
From guilt's wan cheek at the repentant hour,
  Is unto Heaven of all earth's acts most dear,
And such on glory's brow the brightest gem shall wear.

I love to pass the little village school,
  To which snail-like in boyhood I did go;
The pedagogue still reigns who then held rule,
  To truant boys a stern, relentless foe;
The unprepared task unutterable woe
  On the poor, trembling, weeping caitiff drew;
Sometimes I got a "Yes," but oftener "No,"
  To the request, "Please may I lose at three?"
(He wore an iron leg for stiffness in his knee.)

Lands he could measure, for he kept a chain,
  Cross staff, theodolite, or quadrant none;
At least I never saw such things. His brains
  Could work an algebraic fraction sum,—
He knew how far the earth was from the sun,
  And I was told could mount a comet's tail,
And calculate the miles it would have run,
  And periodic time withouten fail,
Ere it returned to earth,—which turn'd some people pale.

And here my muse bids me undo the clasp
  Of young life's volume, still in memory's care,
And view each reminiscence of the past,
  Revisit childhood's scenes which round them wear,
As flowers round fountains, an attractive air.
  In memory's jaunting car I love to drive.
Old Time, that wrinkled mower, still doth spare
  A thousand memories treasur'd in my hive,
As honey drops secure life's winter to revive.

To visit lonely swamps where rushes grew,
  And pluck and leave the dark brown husk behind,—
To plat the whip and weave the rush-cap new,
  Of cone-like shape, just suited to my mind,—
To dig with pocket-knife earthnuts to find,
  And search for trout beneath the slipp'ry stones,—
Then in the bog to leave one's shoes behind,
  And doze beside the spot where mandrakes groan,—
O ever o'er such scenes fond memory loves to roam.

The truant seeks the sylvan solitude,
  Preferring to the school a shady bush,
Where insects crawl, a mighty multitude
  Of ants, whose hill 'tis wicked thing to crush
That tiny mount of industry. Their rush
  Betrays their panic-fear when cruel stick
Turns up their heap of labour: see the gush
  Of hidden life, and scampering quick,
While some bear tiny egg, not knowing way to pick.

How oft to distant towns, on verdant bough
  Or crazy wall, I've gallop'd, full of glee;
Or on the crisp, cold, drifted, wintry snow
  The impress of myself I've stamped to see,
Or in the old mill stream have waded up to t' knee;
  And when the rainbow spann'd the weeping sky,
O what a clever boy I felt to be,
  That with two straws I'd power to make it die,—
My ignorance was bliss, nor sought the reason why.

I do remember, as 'twere yesterday,
  Some two or three collected in His name,
In loop-hole barn, where rats and spiders play,
  They found a holy sanctuary or fane,
And down from heaven there fell a heavenly flame,
  In answer to the simple, artless prayer:
The Comforter was ask'd for and He came,
  And fill'd each breast with bliss beyond compare,
An antepast of joys which they in heaven should share.

Each sitting in that temple rude was free,
  The cushions straw, and dusty, black, and old
There stretch'd a balk which serv'd as gallery
  To young aspirants who to climb were bold,
Who sought the fun more than christian fold.
  O how I lov'd the Love Feasts in that barn,
When seed-bread and the pure spring water cold
  Were handed round pale faintness to disarm,
And symbolize the feast which christian hearts did charm.

Some brother now, anon some sister pale,
  With teeming hearts of gratitude and praise,
In earnest told their unadornèd tale
  Of a kind Father's providential ways:
How kindly when they fell He would them raise,
  And scatter all their clouds, and calm their fears,
And shed a sunshine on life's darksome days,
  And safely guide them through this vale of tears,
To be as *one with* Him when He himself appears.

And then the hymn "On Jordan's stormy bank,'
  Or "Let your songs abound," arose on high;
They stood like soldiers in the foremost rank,
  In faith's strong panoply to fight and die
For their salvation's Captain in the sky;
  And in the eye the melted heart was seen,
And loud Amens around that barn did fly,
  For help on Him alone they sought to lean;
And now arose the prayer, "He would the world redeem!"

Among these rustic worshippers was one
  Who could long tales of ghost and fairy tell;
Around the winter's fire, when day was done,
  'Twas joy in boyhood, bound as in a spell,
To list the thrilling tale of what befel
  Himself, his father, and his old aunt Kate,
Who met one night a funeral from hell,
  And saw it pass through Mr. ——'s gate,
Which was, as he averr'd, dread portent of his fate.

His old aunt saw the phantom troop the first,
  Since she was born, he said, at twelve at night;
Her touch to his unseeing father burst
  The sombre vision on his trembling sight.
"I tried to see," he said, "with all my might,
  But nothing could I see but empty space,
Nor hear but moaning wind, as if affright
  Sat on its wings, till *touch* my blindness chased,
And then the hearse and plumes distinctly I could trace."

By many more about that time, he said,
  Portentous sounds and signs were heard and seen.
The footman heard or fancied once in bed,
  That all the crockery ware had smashèd been;
And that same night was heard a horrid scream,
  And in old chimneys fearful winds did howl,
And bolted doors flew open, while the gleam
  Of forked lightning show'd a demon foul:
Morn found his master dead, for he had sold his soul!

And then the padfoot, with large saucer een,
  Lone wandering down the village lane,
He many times had met at night, or seen,
  And heard the clanking of its heavy chain.
He knew a cornmiller who came again,
  Kill'd by the mill wheel—seen withouten head.
At St. Mark's eve, around the village fane,
  Those born at twelve o'clock o't night, he said,
Could see the ghosts of those who shortly would be dead.

And many more such phantom tales he told,—
  Of one old witch, who could through keyholes fly;
She made much copper and a little gold
  By telling curious maids their destiny;
She kept an egg-shaped glass through which to pry,
  And blushing virgins saw their future mates;
Some gazed upon them with astonished eye,
  Could see their dress and colour of their pates;
But, best *of all, all* would have money or estates!

An evil wish, I do remember well,
  Was of all things a thing of horrid dread;
And blooming maids, bound in its with'ring spell,
  Faded away as fades the rose-bud red
Torn from its parent stalk;—the drooping head,
  And sparkling eye, and hectic flush, betrayed
The secret worm consuming to the dead.
  The lover soon must mourn the hapless maid,
Unless the fatal charm by wise-man could be laid;

For he has power, so superstition holds,
  To break the charm by charm more potent still;
But you must down the dust ere he unfold
  The ways and means you can the witchcraft kill:
One is, if I remember right, to fill
  With pins (not needles) heart of beast or sheep,
Then throw it on fierce fire, and roast until
  The hag herself comes in with wonder deep,
But while she raves as mad, strict silence you must keep.

Such tales, I say, my childhood's greedy ear
  Insatiate drank, and longèd still for more,
Though when I went to bed, tormenting fear
  Suggested, "Do not shut thy bedroom door;"
While overhead I sweat through every pore,
  Nor dare peep out for fear of goblin grim.
My youthful head, replete with spectre lore,
  In dreams has danc'd with elfs 'round fairy ring,
And sleep has fled at sight of hell's club-footed king.

I love my queen, my country, and her lion heart,—
  Her arm of power and senatorial lore,—
Her halls of charity and commerce mart,—
  Her living bards and mighty bards of yore,—
Her hills and vales, glens, lakes, and rocky shore,—
  Her altars, hearths, birds, streams, and bonny flow'rs.
God grant as now so may she ever more
  Put trust in Thee the Potentate of powers,
So shall she stand secure when despotism cowers.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? 'Tis a dream of the night,
  A vision that bursts at the dawn;
Fleeter than fleetest eagle's flight,
  When it bursts through the mists of the morn.

What is life? 'Tis a bubble that plays
  On the billow that lashes the shore;
One moment it gleams in the rays,
  Another—that bubble's no more.

What is life? 'Tis a smile and a tear,
  Sunshine and shade in their turn;
A fount from which joy, hope, and fear
  Are streams that alternately run.

What is life? 'Tis a quick shooting star,
  Soon lost in the dun realms of night;
Or an avenue leading afar
  To a life that never knows blight.

'Tis a thread so brittle withal,
  The wing of a moment may break;
Or a leaf on the tree which may fall
  By the breeze which Aurora may wake.

That flick'ring taper behold,
  Reduc'd to its socket below,
'Twill tell thee, if ne'er thou wast told,
  'Tis a gleam which a breath may outblow.

What is life? Ask the wind or the wave,
  Or the post or the shuttle just flown,
Or the skull on the newly-made grave,
  Which the grave-worm claims as its own.

Let us give, then, these symbols a tongue,
  And an ear to their warning voice lend;
For, mortal, they preach, ere this life be done,
  "Prepare for the life without end."

MY NATIVE LAND.

Not an isle on ocean's bosom
  Can with Britain's isle compare;
God, this favoured isle Thou'st chosen
  In thy choicest gifts to share.

Ours the homes—the homes of freedom;
  Altars ours where hearts are bow'd;
Hearths so happy none exceed them,
  Love and concord round them crowd.

Healthiest breeze wafts o'er our mountains,
  Sweetest odours fill our vales;
Happiest birds round purest fountains
  Tell to greenest groves their tales.

Here salvation's stream is flowing,
  Thousands throng its margin green;
Here the Tree of Life is growing,
  Thousands 'neath its shades are seen.

Lord, may we, this stream imbibing,
  Bloom as plants of heavenly love,
Branches in the vine abiding,
  Plucked by death to bloom above.

A SIMILE.

As when dun-clouds obscure the sun,
The warbler stills its tuneful tongue,
And cheerless sits upon the spray,
Condoler of the darken'd day ;
So when an unpropitious fate
Broods o'er the bard with raven wing,
His lyre, harmonical so late,
Relaxes every tuneful string.

THE OLD DELF-CASE.

Let fickle fashion's pompous host
Of modernizèd kitchens boast;
Than dish-covers on our walls to hang,
We'd rather see our warming pan
Suspended in its own dear place,
Besides my grandsire's old delf-case.

There pewter plates of varied size,
Row above row in order rise;
So bright each dish, the bairns can trace
Each feature of their smiling face
Reflected in that old delf-case.

The pepper-box, the stand of salt,
The goblet for the home-brew'd malt,
The mustard-pot which holds the best,
The *twa* clean pipes for stranger guest,
The canister with maimed legs,
The lengthen'd row of new-laid eggs,—
Each knows its own appointed place
As occupant of our delf-case.

I've often heard my grandsire say
'Twas even old in his young day;
And though since then long years have fled
Since he was number'd with the dead,
Time leaves no traces of decay,
Nor has rude hand e'er chang'd its place,
That venerated old delf-case.

What though our unpropitious fate
Hath classed us not amongst the great,—
What though nor pillar'd dome nor bowers,
Cascades or placid lakes be ours,—
What though uncounted thousands we
Can't leave to our posterity,
Still know we no mortgagee,
But unencumber'd leave our race,
With all its wealth, the old delf-case.

REVENGE.

When on thy foe thy hatred falls,
And thou art deaf to mercy's calls,—
When wrong for wrong thou dost repay
Upon thy fellow worm and clay,—
How canst thou, then, for mercy pray,
To wipe thy guilty stains away?
Oh, if thou dost aspire to shine
In purest bliss, in brightest clime,
Forgiven 'midst heaven's ransomed tribe,
Then pardon while thou hast the power,
Lest from thy foe the coming hour
Till the great day of wrath divide;
Then shall the Judge thy malice turn
To torture of undying worm.

DEATH OF A POOR MAN.

Impartial Death knock'd at the poor man's door,
And in his bony arms he grasp'd the prop
And pillar of that humble house; and eyes,
Like weeping skies, drench'd the wan cheek in floods
Of sorrow. The widow, with her children,
In sable garments clad, true index of
The mourning of their hearts, with grief surcharg'd,

Like poor torn lillies beat with wind and rain,
Stood bent and sobbing near the coffin: there
Upon two chairs it stood, and on its lid
A glittering breast-plate told his name and age.
Oh, but that lid could not shut out their heart!
Dark as the grave the future was to her,
And on her heart the loss a millstone hung,—
Total eclipse of all bright things at once.
This was the mountain of her misery,
The sea that swallow'd all her streams of woe,
The wintry blast that stripp'd her tree of leaves,
An earthquake's greedy swallow of her all.
It was November, and the fretting sky
Mourn'd the sun's loss in copious tears of
Rain, and the wind sigh'd as if chief mourner;
And the funeral dirge, "Thee we adore,
Eternal name," fell on the ear and heart
As if a thunder peal proclaim'd man's own
Mortality. That poor man's obsequies,
Widow and orphans, and the weeping day,
Live ineffaceable on memory's page.

UNPROMISING YOUTH.

Burst ye the folds of embryo flower,
  Deduce me from its infant state,
The fragrance of its blooming hour,
  The colours of its ripened date.

Ye sapient who boast to trace
  In infancy the future man,
This undeveloped flow'ret's grace
  Weirdly predict, then, if you can.

Chilly and cold may be the spring,
  Unpromising life's vernal day;
Summer may rich profusion bring,
  And so life's ripen'd manhood may.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Happy the man who, far from strife
  And all the tumults of the town,
Delights to lead a country life
                Content at home.

Whose humble cot the woodbine loves,
  Sequester'd in some shady nook,
Whence he can list the cooing doves
                And gurgling brook.

A brook of mild and gentle flow,
  With here and there an angry toss,
Dashing slight spray on pendant bough
                And bank of moss.

Where summer shades the sultry hour,
  And loads with sweets the wild bee's wing,
Where hails each grove, and bush, and bower
                Day's rising king.

No clam'rous creditor his door
  Unceremonious opens wide,
Nor feels he pang of being poor
                Like mortgaged pride.

Nor hoarded gold, which thieves may steal,
  Scares from his pillow quiet rest,
The tooth of care which misers feel
                Gnaws not his breast.

Yet plenty ever crowns his board,
  And spares a pittance for the poor,
For ne'er 'gainst such, by wish to hoard,
                He'll shut his door.

A wearied limb,—an easy chair,—
  A thankful heart for daily bread,—
An altar built for family prayer,—
                No bosom dread.

No midnight revel or late play
  Bequeaths an aching heart or head,
He seeks, when sinks the orb of day,
                An early bed.

And when aurora's golden beam
  Wakes neighbouring groves to life and lay,
He sees it through his lattice stream,
                And wakes to pray.

Presiding o'er his bosom chords,
  Celestial virtue tunes the strings,
His bosom friend the "Lord of Lords,
                And King of Kings!"

BIRDS.

In the dingy city the sparrow may dwell,
But songsters ye love the lone haunts of the dell,
And ye give your song to the milkmaid and swain,
From the bushes that border the rutted old lane.

Your king, the proud eagle, builds high on a rock,
He's the bird of the clouds, the thief of the flock;
Make the perilous climb his eyry to reach,
And read of his thefts in the bones left to bleach.

When sorrow has made my bosom its prey,
And roll'd its dark clouds o'er the sunshine of day,
Blasting the flowers that grow down life's lane,
Your music, sweet birds, has revived them again.

Yea, even man's spirit confesses your sway,
The heart may be broke by the bonny bird's lay;
Superstition will start at the cuckoo's first strain,
'Tis an omen of ill to the pennyless swain.

When potentates forth from proud palaces come,
Their salute is the din of fife, trumpet, and drum;
But poor is such music compared with the lay
Ten thousand sweet birds greet the king of the day.

In the annals of song the brightest of fame
Is Jenny, the Nightingale, one of your name;
And Israel's bard had flown to his rest,
Had he only the wings of a dove possess'd.

Oh, your empire is vast as empire can be,
It extends to the heavens—it embraces the sea;
Ye have homes on proud palaces, temples, and towers,
Fair cots and their hawthorns, gay gardens and bowers.

TO MY WIFE.

In the grave there sleeps no spirit,
Dust and ashes it inherit;
But thou, through a Saviour's merit,
Dwell'st with Him in halls of glory,
Wond'ring at redemption's story,
So full *of love, and* yet so gory.

THE EVENING FIRESIDE.

How sweet from toil and bustle to retire,
And draw the chair around the cheerful fire,
Where rural mirth and rustic lore abound,
And lovely cheerfulness sits smiling round.
How sweet to sit and list the howling wind
Raging without,—yet, 'mid the storm, to find
Yourself with those you love sat round the fire,
Where perfect concord reigns, and jokes that never tire.

Such rusticated pleasures never cloy,
But ev'ry eve's impregnated with joy;
And why? Because the fount from which they spring
Is innocence, in which no baneful sting
Doth lurk, but whose lovely smile
Chases whate'er our pleasure would beguile:
Then ye who wish to roam, oh, think of this,
That nought terrestrial equals fireside bliss.

STANZAS.

How chequer'd our path to the skies,
  With sickness, and sorrows, and cares;
Through a devious desert it lies,
  A desert infested with snares.

And darkness—the darkness of sin—
  Broods o'er with impervious gloom,
And Lucifer, hell's subtle king,
  Like a lion around it doth roam.

And thousands by him thus allur'd,
  Have wander'd, are wand'ring astray,
Ungrateful for mercies endur'd,
  Unmindful of judgment's last day.

They are sleeping with lamps at their side,
  Yet lamps that are blazing no more,
Till the Bridegroom goes in to the Bride,
  And shuts on them for ever the door.

WINTER.

When winter comes with frost and snow,
He makes the swain his fingers blow;
While shiv'ring boys with blubb'ring noise,
Stamp and rave while fire destroys,
The frost-wife biting keen their hands.
The wood, all icy, leafless stands,
The cock leads forth his harem late,
The old lane's in a splashy state,
And Sol quick hurries on the day
Down *his occidental* way.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Sweet babe, thy bark, diminutive and frail,
At length is launch'd, and calmly through the straits
Of infancy thou sail'st. Soft blow the gale
That swells thy canvass,—may the kindest fate
Thy pilot be, for tempests soon or late
Will dash their angry foam, and thou wilt find
This world a sea of troubles,—dangers await
E'en now thy infant head. Thy tender mind
Know'st nothing of the hate that lurks within man
kind

TO AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND,

Who came from Leeds to enjoy a cup of tea and a rural rambl with the author, but upon his arrival finding the door locked he left in a conspicuous part a few lines on the advantages (that delightful beverage to the wearied.

Respected Sir, had we but known
Ye would hae left Leeds smoky town,
On Saturday's fine afternoon,
Ourselves to see,
Ye should nae back again hae gone
Without your tea.

But though ye found the bard frae hame,
Ye found his muse to entertain;
She was nae coy, the winsome dame,
But pour'd upon ye
The gush of her poetic strain,—
Stole verses from ye.

She made you sing of cream and tea,
Sic useful things to you and me;
My wife and I laugh'd heartily
At sic a sang,
Yet could na help, but pity ye
So far to gang.

Rais'd from the thorny bed of pain,
Your vigour lost restored again,
Your health return'd, which is the main
Of earth's good things,
I hope escaped without the bane
Which hunger brings.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note borne on the gale,
Wad tell you, Sir, some pleasing tale
Of rural bliss;
I know ye wad their charms all hail,
Ye never miss.

We love the winding stream,
Whose glassy water's sheen
Mirror the alder and hazel so fair,—
Where the lone flow'rets grow,
And the wild roses blow,—
Who would not love to go wand'ring there!

Health's in the mountain gale,
Pleasure reigns in the vale,—
Where music the cheapest in woodlands we share,—
Where wild rasps are growing,
And fragrance is flowing,—
Who would not love to go wand'ring there!

Here sweet is the sunrise,
Here sweet when the day dies,
No smoke the bright sky making leaden and dun;
Here are undying charms,
To all nursed in nature's arms;
Come again, then, to our rural cot, come!

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL BELL.

Old bell, how oft thy iron tongue proclaims
In solemn dirge, another leaf from the
Great human tree has fallen, sear'd and dead.
Thy calls unto death's cold and dingy vaults

Fall frequent now upon my sadden'd ears.
Oh! is it not a sound which from our hearts
Should pluck the deep-fix'd roots of vice, and quench
The fires of guilty passions there?
It tells
Of sighs, and tears, and bleeding hearts, and poor,
Distracted, grief-crushed widowhood.
It is
A sound should strangle demon hate, which builds
Within the fortress of the human breast
Its batteries to crush some human foe.
We all are fellow-worms, and friend and foe
Will soon be food for the fat grave-worm's maw.
Oh, may I lend a willing ear, old bell,
To admonitions such as thine.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Dear child, e'er since thy natal hour
Disease has claim'd thee for its own;
And ere thy bud of life was blown,
'Twas nipp'd beneath its with'ring power.
Death's angel came at last, and freed
Thy sinless soul from its weak clay,
And carried thee with angel speed
From *suffering* earth to endless day.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Precursor of unnumbered flowers,
  First-born of Flora's beauteous race,
Nor winter's rage nor sleety showers
  Can make thee hide thy pallid face.
Thy mission is to preach to man
  Of sunny beams in darkest skies,
Of hope when black despair shall ban,
  Of lessons how to *bend* and *rise.*

WORSHIP IN A SYLVAN TEMPLE.

Thy worship, Lord, to time and place is not
Confined, so in this sylvan temple I
Will worship Thee. This old tree root shall be
My altar rude, on which I'll offer up
My heart to Thee.
                I thank Thee for my birth
Amongst a people whose united hearts
Construct a throne for liberty,—where cots
Are poor men's palaces,—and where Thy word,

Of sin to constant hate! Erase from it
The pencillings of evil, Lord, and hang
Thine image there.
I thank Thee for the vast,
Pictorial, wide-open tome of this
Fair universe, and for my love to read
Therein, illustrative of Thee.

AN OLD WOMAN'S GRACE OVER A CUP OF TEA,

Supplied not from the canister, but from the spent tea leaves of a far more fortunate tea-pot than her own.

Lord, from heaven thou dost see
To want I am a martyr;
Yet make me thankful for this tea,
Though it is nought but *water*.

TO LOUIS PHILLIPPE.

And thou, oh, throneless, exiled king,
Grief sits upon thine aged brow,
And jarring sweeps each bosom string,
Which makes thee feel how vain a thing
Empire and sceptre are below.

ON THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.

Oh, execrable thou,
  Stern despot, faithless king,
A crown upon thy brow
  Appears an unfit thing.

Each drop of blood that's shed,
  On thee and thine shall be,
And curses on thy head
  To all futurity.

But when the battle's won,
  When swords have ask'd their sheaths,
Albion's victor son
  Will claim a conqueror's wreath.

Joy, through a glist'ning tear,
  Will round his pallid brow
Bid that victor wear
  Her choicest laurel bough.

Yea, and the mighty tome
  Of History's bright deeds
Shall, through all time to come,
  Record the victor's meeds.

Ne'er shall bright blood be shed
  For thee, isle of the free!
And thou deny the head
  The wreath of victory.

Go, soldier, honest tar,
  Go dauntless to the fight;
Go teach the faithless Czar
  The thunder of our might.

Stern despot, faithless king,
  The crown upon thy brow
Perchance to *thee* may bring
  Annihilating blow.*

TO LORD AB & CO.,

Composed June 20th, 1854.

Lord Ab, I'm gi'en to understand,
  That when the conflict's ended,
Ye dinna mean to use the wand,
  But leave *friend* Nick unmended.
Your lordship I must freely tell,
  Should this be your intention,
The statu quo will ring your knell,
  Or call for your *suspension*
                In a short time.

* *His* death verified this.

Yea, sure as winter's icy breath
  Dismantles trees and hedges,
Or sure as this life ends in death,
  Or auld Nick rides in sledges;
So sure a nation's ire will fall
  On any who betray her,
And crush them like a thunder-ball,
  Regardless of their prayer
At sic a time.

But yet, my lord, I canna think
  Ye love auld Nick as brother;
His conduct in your nose must stink,
  It can't do any other.
For *facts*, ye ken, are stubborn things,
  And he's so very Cain-like,
The bloodiest of all bloody kings
  Would make him blush for shame like
At sic a time.

Oft in my solitary walk
  I nick-name many things, man;
I never see a hovering hawk
  O'er little bird poise wing, man,
But the unconscious thing I warn
  By crying out "Auld Nick," man;
And gif ye shield the *bear* from harm,
  Ye are not "half-a-brick," man,
At sic a time.

Lord P——n, of all the ruling roost,
  Ye are the cock o't middin;
We'll back your lordship 'gainst a host
  Of such as can stand riggin.
For *pluck's* the thing, and in your breast
  The sense o' honour's tender;
But as for pluck, why all the rest
  Belang the weaker gender
                At sic a time.

A writer chiel, call'd Richard C.,
  Has caus'd a deal o' bother;
He's prov'd himself blind of one ee,
  And canna see with t'other.
For incensed Yorkshire feeling vows,
  If he let Peace-men guide him,
'Twill pluck the laurel frae his brows,
  Nor let *t' West-Riding ride him*
                In t'chair next time.

Lord John, in size ye are but sma'
  Yet valiant in battle,
And great to patch a legal flaw,
  Or lead reforming cattle;
Yet if to please a lord or czar
  Ye sully England's glory,
By Jove, ye shall hae endless war,
  Wag'd both by Whig and Tory
                In right quick time.*

* *How true has the sequel proved this!*

TO THE OCEAN, FROM CASTLE HILL, SCARBOROUGH.

My spirit hails thee, ocean, and from this castle steep,
As boundless as thy waters, it takes as mighty sweep;
Though numbers pass me by, I feel in solitude with thee,
And thy wild waves create wild joy, thou boundless and the free.

I love the rural lane which leads to some sequester'd nook,
Where meditation's ear is sooth'd by t' purling of a brook,—
Where music in the thicket, and fragrance from the sod,
Bear my spirit captive from nature unto God.
But no old lane can tempt my feet like thy lone rocky beach;
And nothing in this wide, wide world can preach as thou canst preach
Of Him who holds thy waters in the hollow of his hand,—
Whose voice alone thy storm-fiend hears, and yields at His command.
Ay, He alone, old ocean, 'tis who can thy billows tread,
And shut thy ponderous doors, and raise from out thy depths thy dead.
Long ere I saw or thought to see thy now familiar face,
The stories told to boyhood's ear no changes can efface,

How that thy depths were bottomless, thy treasures greater far
Than all the cavern'd wealth conceal'd in caves of Istakar.
And, oh, that picture then so drawn Time's finger still doth spare:
I still see mermaids on thy rocks, and watch them comb their hair;
And still within thy simple shell I hear thy distant roar;
And childhood's fancies, fresh and green, come over me once more;
And then I think how like to thee my chequer'd life has been,—
The past, its calm, its storm, its wreck,—the present, its serene.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY FIRST SON.

The stars that gem the brow of night
Shall be absorbed in endless night;
But, child, thy being ne'er shall end,
Commensurate with endless years.
Oh, mayst thou seek and find that Friend
Who mak'st to span this vale of tears,
Hope's rainbow when despair appears;
In health or wealth, in bliss or bale,
Unlike earth's friends, He'll never fail.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love, for He declares it,
Rich the heart that feels and shares it;
Eldorados cannot measure
Such a heart with such a treasure;
Understanding cannot grasp it,
Yet the poorest heart may clasp it.
Seek it, mortal, then each hour,
Seek it as the bee the flower;
In the flower the bee finds honey;
It will make thy dark hour sunny;
And it will be joy and gladness,
Mortal, in thy cup of sadness.

How replete with love the story,
That within the realms of glory
Sinless angels should be singing,
While celestial bells are ringing,
Louder far o'er one repenting,
To a Saviour's love consenting,
Than o'er all the just not needing
Hearts of penitence and bleeding.
Seek it, mortal, every hour,
In thy heart erect a tower
For the great I AM to dwell in,
Fount of Love for ever welling.

ANTICIPATION OF EVIL.

Mortal, why permit to-morrow,
  Which to thee may never come,
To dig bitter wells of sorrow,
  Bubbling in thy heart and home?

Why anticipate life's crosses,
  Which to thee may never land;
Time's next wave, instead of losses,
  May float treasure to thy strand?

Shut up, then, thy bosom's chambers
  To such apparition fears;
Treat them, if they come, as strangers,
  Chasing smiles and bringing tears.

A SELFISH, SWEARING MAN.

A bigger lump of selfish clay
Never curs'd the face of day;
Nor was there ever tongue such nurse
Of hell's black offspring call'd a curse;
In fine, it painted all good, evil,—
Sent all but self unto the d——l.

MY EARLY HOME.

How well I know my early home was not where it is now,
Midst city dust, and buzz, and pride, and crime, and pageant show;
Where pale-fac'd penury begs loud at corners of the street,
And tatter'd blindness asks an alms with bare and bleeding feet:
Where midnight murder often seeks for dark revenge or wealth,
And guilty passion rears her shrine, where virtue falls and health.
Oh, no, my early home was not where spires and turrets rise,
And noisome vapours steam around and blacken all the skies;
But far away in rural vale besides a murmuring stream,
Where healthiest zephyr kiss'd the cheek, and bees and flowers were seen.

That humble cot on memory's page indelibly is drawn,
And fancy scents the garden beans, and views the *waving* corn,

And climbs again the old oak tree to pluck the royal rump,
That lads who could not show their oak I claimed a right to thump.
And when November fifth comes round in spirit I am there,
Helping to drag the chump along, a boy devoid of care;
I love these reminiscences, they're as the gentle rain
That falls upon life's drooping flowers and bids them bloom again.

Oh, take your city homes for me, with all their pomp and gloss,
No softer carpet can ye tread than cotter's bank of moss;
The pavement's ceaseless, rumbling sound, the piercing plaint of woe,
Are poor exchange for blackbird's trill, and gentle wild dove's coo.
Oh, how I long again to dip my can in that old well
Which springs exhaustless 'neath the root of hawthorn in the dell,
'Tis nectar to the city stream, for mournfully 'tis said
That he who drinks at city well drinks only of the dead.

The sanctity of Sabbath morn, when stream, and bird, and flow'r,
And all things else appear'd to feel the consecrated hour;

When at the call of Sabbath bell the rustic maid and swain
Obedient sought the house of pray'r through field and shady lane,
Where, if a sudden show'r came on, the tree gave shelt'ring bough,—
Methinks I feel the great big drops come dashing on me now;
Oh, how unlike the Sabbath here, where nought seems half so blest,
Where rattling wheels and reeking steeds tell 'tis no day of rest.

Here there is no green hill to scale, no huntsman's horn is heard,
No old mill stream to paddle in, no thrush, no cuckoo bird,
No old lane sides, where living lamps, lit by Omnipotence,
Nocturnal burn—the glowworm's fire, 'neath grass and bushy fence,
Where you would think the strawberries that there so wildly grow,
Agreed to play at "hide and peep" beneath the stunted bough.
No mushroom fields, with fairy rings, no beds of watercress,
No woods to play the truant in when pedagogues oppress,

No hedges and no gutters where the blackberries may hide,
And wild rose trees luxuriant trail in all their summer pride;
No, none of these; I therefore feel to wish my city lot,
With all its wealth, again exchang'd for the country and that cot.

SUICIDE.

Stretch me on the bed of pain,
Plant with thorns my pillow,
Consume me with the fever's flame,
Hopeless ne'er to rise again
Above affliction's billow,
Only, Thou Being good and kind,
Preserve my sanity of mind,
Nor let a disappointed pride
Whet the keen knife of Suicide.

Turn friendship's smile into a frown,
My greenest pastures scathe to brown,
Transform my palace to a cot,
My affluence to a beggar's lot,
Dry up each stream of worldly bliss,
Gladly the chastening rod I'll kiss,
Rather than seek for wounded pride
An antidote in suicide.

Drunkard! the bottle from thee cast,
It stings more deadly than the asp;
Each burning draught thy folly chides
In hecatombs of suicides.

Confiding virgin, guard that hour
The fell seducer seeks thy bower,
Lest from thy cheek soon fades the rose,
And from thy pillow sound repose;
Lest torturing fiends urge on thy feet
To tread the margin of the deep;
There, driven in distraction wild,
From tower of innocence defiled,
Thou standest, pale misfortune's child,
Seeking in waves that murmuring glide
An unrevealed suicide.

Though fate assume despair's dark scowl,
And surly tempests round thee howl,—
Though clouds of woe sweep o'er thy sky,
Yet break not thou life's golden bowl,
Hope's beams may yet illume thine eye.

Solicit, in temptation's hour,
Of Heaven to grant restraining power,
That whatsoe'er thy lot betide,
Reposing on the Crucified,

Who, like thee, in all points was tried,
E'en in the crime of suicide,
Thy thread of life, though darkly spun,
To its appointed length may run.

PRAYER.

Go, when the dawn is peeping,
  Go, when the twilight falls,
Go, when the birds are sleeping
  In their leafy halls,

Go, when care is rending,
  Take thou thy load of care,
And, in thy closet bending,
  Pour forth thy soul in prayer.

Rulers of empires, go
  Bow to the King of kings,
And humbly ask that you
  Be wean'd from gew-gaw things.

Lighter the royal brow
  The regal crown shall press,
And open streams to flow
  Of purest happiness.

Go, for thy country's weal,
  That it may ever be
The first in holy zeal,
  As 'tis in liberty.

Mother of many a tear,
  Go, for thy wand'ring son;
He may from sin's career
  To virtue's path be won.

Nor vigils, nor deep care,
  Thy child can e'er reclaim;
Try, then, the pow'r of prayer,
  Go, in thy Saviour's name.

Go, when labour calls thee,
  Ere morning stars be fled;
Bend thou the suppliant knee
  Beside thy humble bed.

Go, when the stars come forth again,
  Thy wearied knee to bow,
And solemn ask the Eternal Name
  To bless thy sweat of brow.

He'll bless thee on thy bended knee,
  Thy cottage hearth He'll cheer,
And help thee with thy family
  The ills of life to bear.

Misfortune's son, go, thou
  Tenant of cold, mean shed,
Ask thy Father to bestow
  Each day thy daily bread.

Thy hungry offspring bring,
  Kneel round your scanty board,
And tell your tale of woe to Him
  Who's faithful to His Word.

Though ye dwell not in a hall,
  Though contemn'd your poverty,
That Eye that marks the sparrow's fall
  Is sure to pity ye.

Go, in thy youthful prime,—
  Go, in thy ripen'd years,—
Go, in thy life's decline,—
  Go, when the grave appears.

Thou hast prevailing power
  To claim a heavenly Guide,
A Friend through ev'ry changing hour,—
  That Friend, the Crucified.

TO A PROUD MAN.

Proud man! Proud man! from dust thou art,
And unto dust shalt thou return;
Earth's grandeur may engross thy heart,
But 'tis thy doom;—nay, do not start,
With halls ancestral thou must part,
To dwell in dust, and with the worm.

Yea, sure as autumn's with'ring breath
Sears the leaf and blights the sod,
So sure the icy hand of death
Shall mix thy bones with vilest clod.
The place, proud scorner of the poor,
That knows thee now, shall know thee no more.

STANZAS.

The snaw had drifted through my door,
And lay in wee bit heaps on't floor;
I thought me o' the aged poor
Wi' snawy locks,
Benum'd wi' blasts through ilka bore,
On auld bed-stocks.

Their broken hearth flag stane, I ween,
Is rarely warmed with transient gleam;
The snawy flakes scarce hiss that teem.
The chimney down;
Chill penury, through bleared een,
Sees this its own.

Ye folk wham gear has blown so high,
Let pride not pluck the pitying eye
That seeks the poor man's state to pry,
But let it fall
When in cauld lanes ye pass them by
Besides your hall.

The pigs sleep warm within your sty,
But that ragg'd wight wha seeks to lie
Within your barn or with your kie,
Is rudely driven
Unshelter'd 'neath some stack to lie,
Seen but by Heaven.

Take pity on yon hoary head,
Whom pinching want tears from his bed,
Ere peep o' dawn or dew has fled,
For scanty hire,—
Seat him in soft arm-chair instead,
Beside warm fire;

For how can wrinkled brow e'er spare
One drap o' sweat to hoary hair.
Look in his satchel,—what's his fare?
Auld milk and bread!
Watch o'er him, then, wi' tender care,—
He'll soon be dead.

Then place him in his wormy cell,
He'll ask no sculptur'd stone to tell
The spot where rots his mould'ring shell,
The kernel safe;
He liv'd on earth, in heaven to dwell,
A life o' faith.

Remember, that all-seeing Eye
Frowns at contempt of poverty,
But ever beams benignantly
On kindly deed,
Lending to ye abundantly
The poor to feed.

There's ane auld Book a tale narrates
Of mendicant at Dives' gates,
Wha wad nae gie him a crumb, it states,
Though mighty able,
Which fell frae his luxurious plates
Beneath his table.

It speaks of their eternal state,
How for the poor man angels wait,
Escorting him to blest estate;
Wofu' to tell,
The rich man sleeps death's sleep, and wakes,
But wakes in hell!

INTEMPERANCE.

It is the raging maelstroom of health, wealth,
And virtue, whose mad'ning roar more than the
Thunder-cloud appals the good. They know it
Piles up Alpine hills of grief, down which run
Many streams from bursting fountains of poor
Broken hearts. Oh, how beneath its blasting
Breath withers and fades away the fair green
Tree of life! Domestic peace and bliss have
All been drowned within its bowl's deep purpling
Element. From the domestic heaven it
Blots the sun, and brings in night without
A single star. It turns the brain into
A hell, and peoples it with devils,* who
Strike the prelude of eternal groans. Oh,
How the surges of that liquid fire beat
On the reckless soul, until it sinks a
Wreck in hell for ever!

* Delirium tremens.

THE BARN-YARD COCK MAY CROW.

The barn-yard cock may crow
  Ere Sol has raised his head,
Yet I, ere that, at labour's call,
  Would gladly quit my bed,
And cheerful earn, by sweat of brow,
  Each day my daily bread.

The spade, the plough, the flail,
  The harness'd team to drive,—
By these, from morn to evening grey,
  My family seek to thrive,
Rather than cruel overseer
  Us to the poor-house drive.

Ready this stalwart arm
  Each implement to ply,
Rather than that my cottage roof
  Be rent by hungry cry
Of offspring, vainly asking bread
  With supplicating eye.

This right I boldly crave—
  A fair day's work and pay,
And I'm content my days be spent
  In labour's rugged way,
And homeward wend with grateful heart,
  When steals the evening grey.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOUR.

Poor man, dost thou never think,
  That in the chain of being
Thou art the most important link,
  Which, broken, would make ruin?
The fount of wealth, a nation's flow,
Trickles down thy bronzed brow.

STANZAS.

We've dwelt so long on poortith's brink,
I can't e'en buy a drap o' drink;
E'en copper has forgot to clink
  Within my breeches;
My wife will haet, she can't but think,
  We're witch'd wi't witches.

But when I point to many more
Who, if not poorer, are as poor,
Thinking sic thocths she then gies o'er,
  The wife o' wives;—
Death, see thou dinna rap her door
  O' mony lives!

When first to t' kirk we baith did gang,
The neebour chiels sang wee bit sang,
That happy as the day was lang
We baith might be:
Then prickles did nae spring amang
Our ain rose tree.

Nor was life then a rugged lane,
Wi' here and there a great big stane
To trip you up and break a bane,
But nice smooth road,
Down which nane gaed wi' empty wame,
But wi' a load.

Her mither was as gude a dame
As e'er churn'd butter out o' cream,
And ilka neighbour said the same
Wha ever kend her;
She died; her husband wed again,
But could na mend her.

But times are sadly chang'd since then,—
Where lurks the cause I dinna ken,
Tho' some folk say the ruling men
Produce it a',
And times wad soon begin to men'
Wi' no corn law.

Some say nae ane but Robert P——l
Can now enhance Britannia's weal;
And some wad gie him shot or steel,
Nor care a fig,
To slay the cheap'ner of our meal,
And gude fat pig.

And myriads, whose support but hangs
Upon the labour of their hands,
Ascribe the onus o' their wrangs
To looms o' power,
And through the windows, vengeful gangs
Send stones a shower.

Then some great asses loudly bray,—
'Tis clearer than a noontide ray,
By sending our machines away
To German folk,
We give them knife with which they may
Cut our ain throat.

But nor abrogated law,
Nor Bobby's oratoric jaw,
Nor looms o' power in ruins, man,
Can bless our isle,
Or mitigate the bane one straw,
Without heaven's smile.

Then come, dejected poverty,
Lowly bend the suppliant knee,
And solemn, with uplifted ee,
Thy Father beg
To give this day thy family
Their daily bread.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

When wither'd leaves from parent trees
Trembling fall to kiss the ground,
And nipping winds make plaintive sound,
And glassy streams begin to freeze,
When moulting hens their feathers drop,
When each day dies at four o'clock,
When asthmas wheeze and bad colds sneeze,
Oh, then's the time for toasted cheese!
These cold, long eventides I hail
With social glee and merry tale.

A SIMILE.

Some men, like cats, will only purr
While with soft hand ye stroke their fur;
But only tread upon their tail,—
Past favours are of no avail.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

At my hard heart Thy goodness knocks,
  It flows like an exhaustless spring,
  A friendship pure withouten wing,
More fixed than the Alpine rocks.

The stars have tongues, and nightly sing
  In Heaven's boundless music hall
  Thy changeless love, and ever call
On man his sacrifice to bring.

The tender grass and budding tree,
  The bursting flower and springing corn,
  The zephyr and the raging storm,
Of Thy goodness speaks to me.

And from the woodland glades a voice
  Makes in my spirit's depths to well
  Emotions indescribable,
A silent reverie of joys.

Oh, sceptic! canst thou tread the sod,
  And lift thy brazen brow to heaven,
  Resisting every proof that's given
Of the existence of a God?

The very stones thy folly chide
  In tongues of soft green moss and gray;
  The dancing mites at evening play
Must shun thee on the old lane-side.

Crawl! earth-worm! crawl! creation's peal
  Is dissonance to ears like thine,
  And darkness all the lights which shine;—
But soon the truth thou'lt own and feel.

THE LAST PRAYER OF ****** ******, TO HIS WIFE,

THE DAY BEFORE THE ATTACK UPON THE REDAN.

My own beloved wife, and ye,
  My children, as my life blood dear,
Whose faces I no more may see,
  Whose voices I no more may hear,
I pen this on the field of blood,
  Before that mighty citadel
Which has our giant arm withstood,
  And laughs to scorn our shot and shell;
And as I write, the setting sun
  Seems to part from me for ever,
And life's sand will soon have run,
  And death our marriage tie soon sever;

For ere the dawn blush morning's cheek,
  Or ere thy cheek aurora fan,
My tongue this last command may speak—
"On, fifty-seventh! There's the Redan!"
But should I in my duty fall,
  While battling for my native land,
And for my queen—beloved by all,
For hearth and altar, cot and hall,
  Upon this Rock I'll take my stand,
While rampant death his arrows shower,—
I'll trust my Saviour's blood and power.

Amidst the din of battle strife
  To God my latest prayer shall be,
To shield my jeopardized life
  For thee and for my family.
But, oh! whatever fate shall come,
I'll humbly say, "Thy will be done."

The unkind work or foolish deed
  I may have ever said or done,
Which might have made your bosoms bleed,
  Oh, cast behind you as a stone.
And oh, Eliza! my dear wife!
  May God protect you all I pray;
Though lost to each in this frail life,
  Grant us to meet in endless day.

THE CUP OF BALM TEA.

In boyhood I've oft heard my mother declare,
No herb in the garden with balm could compare;
The leaves of our rose-tree might with'ring lie,
But the balm was suspended in bunches to dry:
Enveloped in paper-bag, hung to a peg,
It rarely came down but when friends came to beg,
And then would my mother attest with great glee,
No doctor could vie with a cup of balm tea.

Methinks I now hear that dear mother's tone,
Ere time broke the link that bound me to home;
When ill, she would take me on to her knee,
And quickly prepare the restorative tea:
The fire was stirr'd, the kettle soon boil'd,
I cried like a child that was petted and spoil'd;
I had but one sister, and she had but me,
And, oh, the wry faces we set at balm tea!

The spoonful of sugar she held in her hand,
Or pot of preserves on the table would stand,—
These sweeten'd the bitter that lingered behind,
And dried up the tears and composed the vex'd mind.
Her pocket uninjured by surgical fee,
No wonder she praised the cup of balm tea.

The son of the palace falls sick and is ill,
No matter how slight, esculapean skill
Is prompt to attend with the powder or pill;
The newspapers catch the disastrous tale,
And, real or pretended, in dolorous wail
Transmit the sad tidings o'er mountain and vale;
Alas! my old mother is deaf and can't see,
Else I know what would cure. "What?" A cup of
balm tea!

There's hyssop and camomile, horehound and sage,
As performers of cures they still keep the stage,
And a hundred more in the herbalist's page;
But ask my old mother, from prejudice free,
Which of all when you're ill will make the best tea;
Though the current of time has worn in her brow
The wrinkles of age and its ceaseless flow,
Her flaxen hair washed as white as the snow,—
Though shrivell'd and shrunk like an aged tree,
Still green is the branch of her memory,—
And with falt'ring tongue she'll descant of its worth,
Unrivall'd by plant or in ocean or earth;
And still to the balk she'll uplift her dim *ee*,
And say with the learned, "Experience tells me,
If there is such a thing as they call panacea,—
'Tis the herb which supplies the cup of balm tea."

WHILE WASTES AWAY LIFE'S SHORT'NING SPAN.

While wastes away life's short'ning span,
  Oh, let us sing and whistle,
And each plant all the flowers he can,
  Without one thorn or thistle.

The time will come, nor distant far,
  When men will love each other,
And each to each, no string to jar,
  Will prove a friend and brother.

STANZAS.

Rouse ye from lethargic slumber,
  Men of giant mind and will,
Break your stupor's spell asunder;
List! dark error's cannon thunder,
  Booming nearer, nearer still;
With pen and tongue as weapons fight,—
Battle, brave ones, for the *right*.

From Jehovah's armoury
  Don the panoply of war;
Battle till each foeman flee;
Wounded often though ye be,
  Honour's stamp is ev'ry scar:
Accoutred wield your pulpit might,
Knights of the Cross, rush to the fight!

And supplicate heaven's sovereign pow'r
  For our country's weal and sway;
Repentant in affliction's hour,
  Pray for her, that she may pray,
And beg the blood her folly's shed
Be not on her children's head.

Oh, Albion, my country dear,
  Know thy God's a jealous God;
Thine apostasy I fear
  Challenges his vengeful rod;
See thou to it, hence for ay,
Thy sceptre's rule is righteous sway.

Do not, dare not recreant be,
  The God of battles still is thine;
And He gives thee victory
  O'er ev'ry foe in ev'ry clime:
Gem of ocean, dare not be
Affianc'd *to idolatry.*

A WISH, PRESENTED TO MY ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Eliza, may the kindest fate
On thy ev'ry footstep wait;
May thy sky from storms be free,
May a willing heart and knee
Ever, ever ready be,
To bow to Him who died for thee.
May nature's wildest scenes impart
Poetic beauty to thy heart,—
In all her varied forms, secure
A dwelling in thy bosom pure.
Wisdom's lessons thou canst glean,
In the glen and by the stream.
The warbled song from bush and tree,
Gratitude shall teach to thee,—
The simple flow'ret, modesty.
The streamlet, whimpling through the dell,
Of life's onward course shall tell;
The leaves that strew thy woodland way,
Shall speak to thee of life's decay,—
How soon like them thou'lt pass away.
Forbid the time should ever come,
Thy simple lyre should be unstrung,
That thou should'st ever cease to be
Nature's simple votary.

Should Providence the power impart
To help the needy in distress,
Give with an open hand and heart,—
In blessing others thou'lt be blest.
And may thy heart, as eagle's wing,
Be free to soar above earth's skies;
Loose from every mortal thing,
Let the incense of life's spring,
To the halls of glory rise.
So life's glassy stream shall glide
With unturbid gentle flow;
And smilingly the Crucified
Shall fix a crown upon thy brow.

UNBELIEF.

How oft the human mind, like day's great king,
Wades through the mists of unbelief, and views
The unpolluted fountains of eternal life
Through exhalations steaming from weak brains.
From the proud summit of a mole-hill,
Heav'd from the depths of human reason, the
Finite stands, and boasts his power to plumb
The infinite abyss. The worm has but
To lift its head to see at once the walls
Which bound creation, and then with insane
Pen *to blot its Author* from its wondrous

Book. And unbelief would pluck creation's
Tongue out if it could, for its incessant
Proclamation of a God, and in scorn
Would spit the stars out for their nightly song.
Say, what can melt the icy heart of the
Proud infidel? Not all creation's blaze
Of glory drawn into one focus can.
But when sickness makes his death-bed, and his
Sun of life by death's dense gathering shades will
Soon be blotted out for ay, oh, then his
Quailing spirit and his coward tongue beg
For mercy of a God whom health denied.
Poor trembling mortal, has thy darling creed
Become like deserts without founts
To cool and sooth thy spirit's burning brow?
Can it not kindle in life's evening sky
One star of hope? Cling to it still, and it
Will write upon thy tomb—"Here sleep shall ne'er
Be broken by archangel's trump. There is
Nor future Judge, nor Heaven nor Hell."

LOW SPIRITS.

The raven of care gnaws my bosom,
My heart strings are all out of tune,
The well spring of reason is frozen,
I walk amidst winter in June.

AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG WOMAN.

How cheerful once, and now so low;
Care's arrows, with unerring aim,
Pierce as target her pale brow;
Her rosy cheek has changed to snow,
Nor will it ever bloom again;
Unrest scares slumber from her bed,
And wild distraction racks her head;
Her body lives—her spirit's dead.
Distracted maid, in murmuring billow
Never seek thy shame to hide;
Oh, never may the weeping willow
Mourn unrevealed suicide!

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Upon thy turf, dear mould'ring clay,
Pure filial sorrow drops its tear;
And though thy spirit's far away,
I cannot help but feel thee near.

For He who sits above all height,
To whom all spirits must return,
Sends embassies of angels bright
To minister to sinful worms.

No sculptur'd stones oppress thy sod,
  But Spring's gay fingers deck thy grave,
And bids o'er thee, thou child of God,
  Emblems of resurrection wave.

The fresh green grass, the simple flower,
  Than monument to me more dear;
With me they mourn at evening hour,
  With me o'er thee they drop a tear.

How many joys, like flowers just blown,
  Time's ceaseless stream has swept away,
Forgotten soon as though unknown,—
  But quench the sun, and where's the day?

And thus, thou dear departed shade,
  Thou wast the sun to my young day,—
The centre orb, whose beams display
  A light that cannot pass away.

The loss of friendship, wealth, or fame,
  May plant the thorn or roll the cloud;
But, oh, the loss of thy dear name
  Has wrapt my all within thy shroud.

Thy presence was life's desert spring,
  Thy counsel was my polar star,
Thy knee my altar, whence the wing
  Of prayer soar'd to realms afar.

So on thy turf, dear mould'ring clay,
  Pure filial sorrow drops its tear;
I cannot think thou'rt far away,—
  I cannot help but feel thee near.

TO THE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

Ye titled diplomatic corps,
  Shall your deliberations
The scared dove of peace restore
  Unto the battling nations?
Or shall your patriotic zeal,
  Like ginger, touch your mettle,
And make you kick, and prance, and reel,
  Till peace ye canna settle
                This conference time?

In solemn, secret conclave ye
  To grave debate do gather,
And new-born babes of destiny
  May spring from ye as father;
Then in deliberation's scale
  Throw not too much of self, men,
For self's war's father and the bale
  Of envious grasping stealth, men,
                At any time.

Finesse and subtlety are traps
  Which Bulo, Orloff, Brunow,
Employ to catch less wary chaps,—
  The past proves this too true, now;
The trio have a world-known fame
  As sharp negociators;
And treaties oft live but in name,
  Made by such paper-makers
                At all such times.

Then from your secret congress-room
  Expel all spider-spirit,
And sweep your breasts with honour's broom
  From tricks which disinherit.
Lord Clarendon, ye'll ken what's what,—
  Our Indian possessions
Must not be left as mouse to t' cat,
  Forgot in the concessions
                Russ makes this time.

And ne'er again may monster war,
  With all its train of evils,
God's beauteous creation mar,—
  That spirit from the devil;
But as a hen beneath her wings
  Her tender chickens gathers,
So may our regnant queens and kings
  Prove nursing dames and fathers
                Through future time.

SLANDER.

Slander's the nipping boreas to plants
Of slender form;—it is a lying fiend,
Lurking in den beneath the tongue, and, like
A skulking tiger, waits to pounce upon
And tear poor unsuspecting character
To rags. Yea, from a demon's wing it plucks
A quill, and with its pen dipped in the ink
Of hell, it seeks to blur the fairest page
Of life. Fy on't! fy on't! fy on't!

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, ON THE DAY OF HER CORONATION.

Hail to thee, heiress of Britain!
  Thou promising gem of a throne!
At the mention of thee may tyranny sicken,
  And no spot find on earth for a home.
Pure be thy heart as the snow on thy mountains,
  Sweet as the blossom that buds in thy vales;
May thy love to thy people flow full as thy fountains,
  May thy kingdom be fann'd with prosperity's gales,
Till nations shall own thee the glory of earth,
And *England exult* in the day of thy birth.

Peace still cling to thy sceptre,
  Nor Mars ever pounce on the dove,
Nor the deeds of thy reign, by that august Inspector,
  Be found light in the balance above.
May the gems of thy virtues a diadem make thee,
  A chaplet unfading, a glory undying;
So when the footsteps of death shall o'ertake thee,
  And inhumed in thy tomb thou softly art lying,
Thy annals unstain'd may descend to all ages,
And VICTORIA rank first in her country's pages.

ON THE BAPTISM OF MY YOUNGEST SON.

Maker of earth, and sea, and sky,
Whose hands hold ev'ry destiny,
Watch o'er my boy from realms above,
With bowels of paternal love;
Encompass him in mercy's arms,—
Flash on his heart a Saviour's charms.
May he give each breath to Thee,
Each moment for eternity;
Teach him to act the good man's part;
Sink wells of kindness in his heart;
Give him the power and will to bless
His neighbour in his deep distress.
May he not covet earthly things,
Inconstant wealth with outstretch'd wings;

Nor may he act the flatt'rer's part,
Whose tongue and face belie the heart.
May he despise the scorner's chair,
Nor in it ever seek to sit
With those who boast the flash of wit,
And proudly in the honour share
Of those who take Thy name in vain,
And turn Thy glory into shame.
Ah, no! Great God of heaven and earth,
Bless him with the *second* birth;
For, oh, how pure soe'er he be
In moral life and pious form,
Unless *again* the child be *born*,
He cannot rise from earth to Thee.
May he flourish as a tree
Planted by a constant stream,
Whose fruit shall in due season be,
Whose leaves remain for ever green.

LINES ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE WAR WITH CHINA.

Lo, they come! they come!
  The sword has sought its sheath,
And Albion's victor son
  Demands a conqueror's wreath.

Joy, wet it with thy tear,
  And round his pallid brow
Bid that victor wear
  Thy choicest laurel bough.

Commerce, unfurl thy sails
  Before the fresh'ning breeze,
And bear thy heavy bales
  Across the Chinese seas.

Ambassadors of Heaven,
  Hail this auspicious peace;
Take there the *little leven*—
  'Twill mightily increase.

And go, undaunted go,
  Before the ark ye bear,—
The million priests of Fo
  Shall melt like sparks in air.

Yea, sure as autumn's breath
  Withers the leaves and grass,
Or this life ends in death,
  This truth shall come to pass.

Go, then, undaunted go,
  Like warriors with Faith's shield;
Where stand the altars of a Fo,
  Your High Priest's altars build.

Io, they come! they come!
  The sword has ask'd its sheath,
And Albion's victor son
  Demands a conqueror's wreath.

Unclasp the mighty tome
  Of History's bright deeds,
That ages yet to come
  May know the victor's meeds.

Soldier and honest tar,
  Brave have ye been in fight,
And taught to realms afar
  The thunder of our might.

On faithless China's strand,
  Before high Mandarin,
How dare ye play, barbarian band,
  "God save barbarian Queen"?

Did not celestial wave
  In foaming anger rise,
And threaten watery grave
  To ye uncivilized?

Did not celestial skies
  In growling thunder roar,
To hear barbarians rise
  Such *music* on that shore?

Ne'er shall bright blood be shed
  For thee, isle of the free!
And thou deny the head
  The wreath of victory.

Then hail the braves' return!
  More blest shall be thy soil,—
Brighter our fires shall burn,—
  Happier our sons of toil.

Ten thousands on thy strand
  Shall hail the victor's home;
And "See (shall play thy choicest bands)
  The conquering heroes come!"

WHAT IS THIS WORLD AT BEST?

What is this world at best?
  A scene with sorrow rife;
What are its wealth and boasted joys,
But things which moth or rust destroys,
  Embitt'ring present life,
    Like bubbles born
    Amid the storm,
    Which sparkling play,
    Then burst in spray,
So glitt'ring are its joys—so transient is their stay.

What is this world at best?
A passage to the tomb,
An avenue bestrew'd with thorns,
With darksome nights and cheerless morns,
An unabiding home,
Like leaves wide strown,
When winds have blown,
So are its joys
When care annoys,
So wither'd lie our shells when cruel death destroys.

A SIMPLE QUESTION, ASKED BY A LITTLE BOY OF HIS FATHER, ANSWERED.

Father, look at the rising sun,
See, his bonny golden eye
Peeps through loop-hole in the sky,
He seems to want a bit of fun,
To play at bo-peep with another:
Has he a father and a mother?

My simple, silly, little boy,
That orb is called the God of day;
He's driving up his orient way,
To give this world, life, heat, and joy:
He wants no play-mate, has no mother,
God *is his father* and no other.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

My friend, those happy days are fled,
When in our youthful prime unwed,
We bent our steps where fancy led.
Alas! all's o'er,
And waves of care dash in their stead
Far from the shore.

But yet unwreck'd we'll voyage on,
Undaunted still amidst life's storm,
In weal or woe, shall young life's morn
Remembered be,
And we will sing, "Dull care be gone,"
In friendship's glee.

I often laugh while thinking o'er
The tricks we've done in days of yore,
How unprepared tasks, and lore
Of varied kind,
Have made us *wet* the cane—that bore
To youthful mind.

Hast thou forgot, how many a day,
Like errant sheep we gang'd astray,
The truant in the woods to play,
While near some shade,
Where lonely stream sang on its way,
We've coozie laid.

Hast thou forgot that strong wasps' nest,
Which put our courage to the test,
Whilst thou the verdant bough with zest
Dealt murderous blows
On sic vindictive imps as prest
Around our brows?

And dost thou not remember well,
One day into what scrape we fell,
For stirring up that old man's well
The spring to foul,
And pelting apples till, pell-mell,
Scores down did fall?

Hast thou forgot when but school weans,
We snugly squat amang the beans,
Filling our hats until the screams
O' snickl'd hare
Hae made us jump, as out o' dreams,
And run away?

I hope thou'st got a loving spouse,
Who the domestic art well knows,
Who loves her home, and minds her house,
And keeps frae strife,
Else, man, I wad na gie a louse
For sic a wife.

Be sure thou try'st to please the dame,
And keep frae kindling quarrel's flame,
Else, frien', I'm sure 'twill prove the bane
Of a' thy peace,
For woman's tongue man's bliss can drain,
His heart-ease fleece.

Should Providence e'er multiply,
And bless thee with a family,
Lay something o' thy earnings by
For rainy day,
Then poverty will ay look shy
And keep away.

While jogging through this vale o' tears,
Dear frien', take heed o' Sooty's snares,
Which oft the unwary insect tears
And holds sae fast,
Till he at length exulting bears
The soul aghast,—

To that dark pit that knows no day,
But endless night, where not a ray
Of mercy shines, but where the prey,
In seas of fire
Are toss'd, like wrecks on ocean's spray,
Blown by his ire,

TO A NOBLEMAN, STANDING ON AN EMINENCE IN HIS ESTATE.

Thou standest on that hill,
  And far as thou canst see—
Field, mansion, cot, stream, mill,
  Game, fish—belong to thee:
They give thee mighty power to bless
The aged poor in their distress.

Oh, paradise thy mind,
  By nursing feelings kind;
Thou art God's steward here,
  Go wipe the falling tear:
Peace to thy bosom's harp shall sing,
And pleasure's freshlets ever spring.

A PRAYER.

No longer o'er my heart may sin
  Brood with its clouds of deep despair;
Disperse the gloom, and light within
  The glory of Thine image there:
Beam on my soul with light divine,
And consecrate me wholly Thine.

While tenant of this tent of clay,
  While sufferer in this world of strife,
While pilgrim through life's desert way,
  A candidate for endless life,
Direct my steps and lift mine eye
To scenes of bliss beyond the sky.

But, oh, when in death's gath'ring gloom
  The spark of life but faintly glows,
And flick'ring darkly o'er the tomb,
  Earth's nothingness unflatt'ring shows :
Oh, be Thou, then, my strength and stay,
My rising sun to setting day.

TO THE CZAR, 1854.

Ambitious tyrant ! is there ought on earth,
Or in its caverns deep—those hidden wombs
Of infant earthquakes, such a scourge as thou ?
The hungry wolf, or mad dog, viper, snake,
Compar'd with thee, innocuous is; and
Yet, thou bare-faced liar, thou dost call
Thyself *the father of thy people!* Build
Thee, incarnate demon, a hermitage
Of skulls and bones which whiten far thy plains.
Have not thy war-hounds flesh'd them? Didst thou not

et them on? What if thy crown be fill'd with
horns? What if the water that thou drinkest turn
o blood, and heaven's rain seem blood unto thy
uilty eyes?
Dost thou not know, ambition
as lost many thrones, and sullied much
f glory with the reek of hell? Its breath
irst blew and kindled the tartarean
ires, transmuting angels into fiends, who
xchang'd ambrosia for the cup of woe,
nd worm which never dies.
Rein, despot, then,
mbition in, nor let it shed more blood,
est, peradventure, it should shed thy own;
or on it, as a grindstone, regicide
light wet its keen revengeful knife, or in
hy cup mix death.

INDULGENCE.

arents that wish your children's weal,
nd for their future comfort feel,
Beware, beware, beware,
est by undue indulgence power
e thus unfit the opening flower
The storms of life to bear.

ON HEARING HENRY WILSON SING AT THE MUSIC HALL, LEEDS,

July 7th, 1846.

Chief o' Scotia's vocal band,
Thy voice, like some magician's wand,
Transforms the simple to the grand,
An bears alang
Each captive heart,—nane can withstand
Thy tide o' sang.

Hail! minstrel, hail! long health be thine,
May ne'er bad cold spoil voice sae fine,
Gif thou be spared another time
To charm our hall;
Among thy sangs, let "Auld lang Syne,"
Lad, cheer us all.

Thy songs are melodies o' dreams,
Or lays in palaces o' queens,
O' fairy land,—rocks, glens, and streams,
Bold, deep, and strang,
Bolder, deeper, stronger, seems
Made by thy sang.

ON BROTH AND SWEDE TURNIPS.

/hat better suits our hunger's needs
han boiled mutton and nice swedes?
'n wintry days it warms and feeds.
·ive me but these on which to dine,
.nd now and then a glass of wine,
'r sparkling home-brewed, strong and fine,—
·ive me but these, nor king nor lord
envy at luxurious board.
. nice clean hearth, an easy chair,
he pipe to puff away all care,
. friend at times these joys to share,—
·ive me but these in country cot,
.nd I'll be thankful for my lot.
'ut, oh, grant me this one wish more,—
he hope to meet, when life is o'er,
ach friend upon the right hand side,
.ccepted through the Crucified.

MY MUSE.

[y muse is a capricious thing
.s ever fann'd a poet's fire;
ometimes in fancy's realm she'll sing,
hen lacerate her tender wing
.midst a thorn or brier.

SUMMER EVENING.

Hush'd is the buzz of business now,
The smith has wash'd his dusky brow,
And rear'd against yon wall there stand
The village politician band.

A well known group, so frequent drawn,
The very stones seem barer worn,
Smooth as the bark of village tree,
Climb'd often by puerility.

The independent man is there,
Lashing commoner and peer;
The passenger has stopp'd to hear,
He's even made the blacksmith swear.

The honey bee has left the flower,
The bird has sought its sylvan bower,
And homeward plods the weary mower,
To seek invigorated power,
In balmy sleep's unconscious hour.

Now mellowed tones of distant flute
Sweetly the list'ning ear salute,
Mingled anon with sounds of glee,
From sportive, frank puerility.

The sunburnt child, now tired with play,
To home and mother finds its way;
Its little chair is waiting there,
And mother's knee for evening prayer.

The cotter and his family
Are now upon their bended knee,
Thanking, ere they go to bed,
Heaven for their daily bread.

A FRAGMENT.

The voice of morning calls, "Come forth, and see
The infant day baptized in angels' tears,
Dropt from the skies in pity for the loss
Of God's pure image stamped once on man."
Its bosom heaves with thrilling strains that charm
My heart, and kindle round it flames of praise.
I could not be an infidel at such
An hour, and pay absurd devotion at
The shrine of everlasting nothingness,
For all earth's purest rays of joy into
One focus drawn, and center'd in my breast.
To see the new born day from cradle made
Of glory, peeping forth, and smiling to
The heart, ought, at a glance, to chase the gloom

Of such a creed, as is the misty wreath
Which forms a turban round the mountain's brow.
But sceptics, like the silly moth at night,
Seek self-destruction midst a flood of light.

I love, sweet morn, to saunter in thy fields,
Or penetrate the dark wood's silent heart,
Where solitude's calm spirit ever reigns.
Indulgent nature, on the gray old rock
A soft green velvet cushion for me spreads;
Oft there I've lain, as happy as the bee
On neighb'ring bilberry blossom, perchance
As busy too. It seeks the honey of the flower,—
The bard, the honey of the mind.
The poet's not a drone, as some might deem,
In the great human hive: his spirit toils
In the pure diamond mines of thought, to fix
Another sparkling gem upon the breast
Of his own age.
This is a nice couch for
Day dreams. Upon this rock a crucifix
I rear, to which I nail all worldly cares—
Those thistles of the mind. Oh, I've seen some
Who seem to live and make their beds upon
Tormenting care, and carry it about
As if they lov'd that health-consuming thing.

LINES.

When cares oppress, and care will come,
Don't, man of care, caress it,
But lowly at a heavenly throne
A suppliant confess it,
And He who gems with stars the night,
Will turn thy darkness into light.
When undisturb'd with storms thy sea,
Nor threatens angry billow,
Still let Omnipotence to thee,
Thou destined of eternity,
Be thy only pillow.
So shall life's current smoothly glide,
Till lost in the eternal tide.

ON HEARING A YOUNG MAN WISH HE MIGHT GO TO THE DEVIL IF HE DID NOT ENJOY THIS LIFE.

Rejoice, oh, young man! the Devil's thy friend!
Let thy heart cheer thee, no fear apprehend;
Put life in a press, squeeze out its best wine;—
Rejoice, oh, young man! the Devil is thine!
But remember, young man, 'twill not always be so,—
Thy friend, called the Devil, will turn out thy foe!

WINTER.

Old Winter's appeared with an icicle beard,—
  The king of cold seasons is he!
On an iceberg throne, in the polar realms lone,
  He rules o'er the land and the sea;
We shrink from his ire round the high-piled fire,
  Where the cup of domestic bliss,
Life's pure champagne, to the bottom we drain,—
  The chief of inspirers is this!
Then batter, old Winter, our windows with sleet,
But invade not our hearths with thy cold splashy feet.

On our hearth of delight, in a fender so bright,
  There dances the gleam of our fire;
And our polish'd clock-case and warming-pan's face
  In reflection's frolics ne'er tire.
Dog and cat in repose, nose friendly with nose,—
  No roasted potatoe much warmer!
Doze happy as kings, while old Winter sings
  Through the chinks to the rats in the garner:
Then pipe in our chimney, old Winter, aloud,—
The louder thou bellow'st the closer we'll crowd.

Thy mantle of snow, on our favourite sap-bough,
  Thou'st flung o'er the red-berry bunch,
Where the warbler's chill eye scarce now can descry
  The spot of its rich favourite lunch;

Nay, the poor little wight hesitates to alight
  On its old familiar spray,
Till its dubious wings by their fluttering dings
  A powdery portion away:
Then hide not, old Winter, the berries and haws,
But let them hang bright through the glens and the
    shaws.

Through the old shatter'd door to the hearths of the
    poor
  Thou pitiless driftest thy snow,
Where penury lank, on a hearth flag damp,
  Half breathless, weak embers doth blow.
Ye sordid Crœsi, as the blast sweeps by
  Your domes it cannot invade,
When pipes the chill breeze through your ancestral trees,
  And ye on soft couches are laid,
Think then on the poor, and the precept believe—
"'Tis more blessed to give than it is to receive."

EPITAPH.

The tomb knows no eternal sleep,
  This ransom'd dust shall rise again,
And cast at its Redeemer's feet
  Its *sparkling* blood-bought diadem.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Low and humble is his lot,
  No sordid wealth or power has he,—
His home, a neat-built little cot
                In the country.

Close by his door meand'ring creeps
  A crystal stream, which is his drink,
And silently a willow weeps
                Just o'er its brink.

Around his door the ivy climbs,
  And through his little window peeps,—
Clambering, too, are seen woodbines:
                 'Mid sweets he sleeps.

Early at morn from sound repose
  He wakes, while glows within his breast
The prayer to Him who thus bestows
                Such peace and rest.

And when the shining orb of day
  Has ting'd the west with streaks of gold,
And his chariot wheels display
                Beauties untold,

a mossy bank reclines,
rapt in meditation deep,
fancy soars to blissful climes,
Glories to greet.

hen the gentle dews descend
uench the thirst of drooping flowers,
s his eye, his heart he bends,
And silent pours

ıpremeditated prayer—
; He, whose presence fills all space,
ır his soul at last prepare
In heaven a place.

GRATITUDE.

beneath the western sky
lay has closed its eye,
ı the cerulean blue
ɔen thousand orbs to view,
ɔr mercies of the day,
s thou canst ne'er repay,
hankful heart, oh, mortal, pray.

LINES COMPOSED DURING A LONG SNOW STORM.

I wish the sun would melt the snow,
I wish the wind frae t' south wad blow,
For farmers turnips want, I know,
For half-starved cattle;
Jove, bid it go, and not so slow,
But with a rattle.

Break up the slides within our lanes,
Preserve our masters and our dames
From falling, and from broken banes,
And such disaster,
And thwart the doctor's thund'ring claims
For pills and plaster.

AN EPITAPH.

Here rests the dust of one whose life
Was friend of peace and foe to strife,
Who show'd himself unto life's end
A husband, father, neighbour, friend:
His hopes of an eternal rest
All centred in his Saviour's breast.

ON WITNESSING THE FUNERAL OF THE SECOND EARL OF HAREWOOD.

(It was a day of incessant rain.)

What means the toll of yonder bell?
For whom its deep funereal knell?
What means that thickly gathering crowd?
Why doth each aspect wear a cloud?
Lady, depart, this pluvial day
Admonishes to home away.
Why, dripping, art thou bent to stay?
Encoffined, one of noble birth
They bear unto his mother earth,
Whose obsequies in mem'ry's cell
Shall uneffaced ever dwell.
Britain, that Briton knew to feel
Thy choicest interests truest weal.
The poor man's friend,—and poor man's prayer
Ask'd for him Heaven's watchful care,—
Else what means that rustic there,
Wiping with rough hand the tear,
Something is lost his heart held dear.
That peasant's tear proclaims his worth,
More than escutcheons of high birth.
And He who said that not one drop
Of water cold should be forgot,
Given to one of these His flock,
Was unto *him salvation's* rock,—

On Him alone secure he stood;
No other fount than pardoning blood
He knew could wash his sins away,
And fit him for eternal day.
Though high in rank, of humble mien;
He gave, expecting no return;
No gulf impassable between
Him and the poor; his chief concern
That pinching want should ever be
A stranger to the toiler's door,—
That surly winter's family
Might lodge not with the aged poor:
He was to such a friend in need,
And, therefore, was a friend indeed.
God grant that when my life-tale's told,
Such hope may gild life's eve with gold.

MORNING DEVOTION.

When aurora's golden rays
Kindle up the diamond blaze
In the wild flower's dewy tear,
And wakes the roosting chanticleer,
Then let thy genuflexions be
Prostrations of sincerity.

IE ADVANTAGES OF MEDIOCRITY.

ALLEGORY IN "THE RAMBLER" PARAPHRASED.

"Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, invidenda
Sobrius aula." *Hor.*

ev'ry shrub on India's plain
r'd and died for want of rain,
empty brook and fountain clear
d the ground one drop to cheer,
hepherds at their common bound,
with their flocks and herds around,
parchèd with the solar ray,
at distress for water pray.

ner was their prayer preferr'd,
eased to chirp each plaintive bird,
eased the panting flocks to bleat,
ost the air its fervid heat.
d, each way they bent their eyes,
towards them, lo, a Being hies,
giant stature touch'd the skies,—
new him as he nearer came,—
ence the Genius' name;
right hand did rustling play
eaves of plenty, labour's pay;

But in his left a sabre gleam'd,
Destruction's implement it seem'd.

At sight of him the shepherds shook,—
Fell from each trembling hand each crook;
Both would have fled, but with a voice
Soft as the breezes that rejoice
To play 'midst Sabean groves of spice,
He thus address'd them in a trice:

"Children of mortal clay,
I'm your benefactor; stay,
I your thirst will soon allay;
But let medium's golden line
Each request desire confine,
For the perils of excess
Are than scarcity no less.
Now, Hamet," said the Genius kind,
"Unfold the wishes of thy mind;
For nature waits on my behest,
To grant thee fully thy request."
"Oh, Being kind," in accents sweet,
Said Hamet, bowing at his feet,
"I do a little brook intreat,
Which nor summer's scorching eye
Can e'er evaporate it dry,
Nor winter's floods of rain and snow,
Can ever make it overflow."

"'Tis granted," thus the Genius said,
And rais'd his sceptre to his head,
And smote the ground, when, lo, below
Their feet a fountain sprung, whose flow
With bubbling voice scatter'd its rills
O'er all the meadows, and instills
Fresh life in all :—each little flow'r
That deck'd the mead or grac'd the bow'r,
Sent forth its fragrant thanks,—the trees
Spread greener foliage to the breeze,
The flocks and herds all quench'd their thirst,
And now from bush and glade the sweetest music burst.

The Genius now to Raschid turn'd,
He Hamet's mean petition spurn'd ;
No small, exhaustless, devious stream
Enough his big desires could deem,
And, therefore, begg'd that through his ground,
With all that in its waters swim,
The mighty Ganges might be turn'd,—
Alas, a fatal wish for him.
Now dormant self in Hamet's breast,
Wish'd it had made the same request,
His own beside it look'd so mean,
The Ganges swallow'd up his stream.
When thus to Raschid once again
The Genius spoke in chiding tone :
"Rash man ! oh, circumscribe thy aim,
Apply the curb and try to tame

Those headlong wishes that would roam ;
Remember what thou canst not use,
Is but as *nothing* unto thee ;
Like Hamet moderation choose,
Not more than his thy wants can be."
He ended, but rebuke was vain,
For quenchless still his bosom fires
Consum'd with unabated flame
All less significant desires.
The owner of the little stream,
Contrasted with the Ganges' lord,
He proudly thought would look so mean :
He gave his wish full length of cord.
So where the Ganges' waters roll,
And reptiles in its current play,
Where sports the alligator foul,
The mighty Genius took his way.
And while the shepherds anxious stood
Waiting for the great event,
Raschid, looking with contempt
On Hamet, down the torrent flood,
Spurning, bursting its own mound,
Resistless came with thundering sound,
And onward roll'd through Raschid's ground :
His rich plantations, bleating sheep,
Were claim'd by its remorseless sweep ;
And Raschid's self a victim fell,—
A crocodile became his hell.

THE MORAL.

"The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell;
And in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state."
The Ganges, sordid soul, be thine,
The little, constant stream be mine.

LINES.

Revolving worlds attun'd by Thee,
Create celestial harmony;
And could my ear but reach their round,
As whirling through abyss profound,
How would the music of their spheres
Ecstatic captivate my ears,—
My tuneless heart, which e'er plays wrong,
No ear for adoration's song,
Would wing its passage to the skies,
And with such pure strains symphonize,
My soul would melt into the strain,
Nor earthy seek the earth again:
God of creation's tuning key,
String my heart to chord with Thee.

ON SHOOTING THE THRUSH AND BLACK BIRD IN WINTER.

Oh, barbarous villains! I would seek as soon
Pity in stones as in your flinty hearts;
Ye have cut out spring's tongue, and robb'd my ear
Of its sweet melody. Had I again,
As once I had, prolific trees of fruit,
I would not grumble, songsters, as some do,
And call you thieves, and o'er my cherrytree
Fling an intersticed barrier—a net
Of band. No, persecuted warblers, no;
Ye are not peculators. The garden
Wall may bristle with its sharp-pointed glass
Of broken bottles, firmly fixed in lime;
But ye, unscar'd, on wings of innocence
Glide lightly o'er to seek your own sweet food,—
A luscious meal. Poor birds, I wish the gift of
Speech was given to your pure trilling tongues,
That ye might tell that cruel niggard, man,
Who would shoot you for a cherry, to feed
His garden-grub, for his own straitened guts,
Nor walk in Spring to list your vernal song.

HARVEST.

Ye clouds that intercept the sun,
Oh, come not o'er our harvest sky;
But let the sickle's work be done
Beneath Sol's fervid, cloudless eye.

And you, ye mists of early morn,
That drench the fog and bend the corn,
Let not the reaper on ye stay
Till morning ripen into day.

And thou, Œolus, who dost hold
Each vassal wind in mountain cave,
Send zephyr o'er our fields of gold,
To kiss them dry and bid them wave.

The reaper's sun-burn'd breast is bare,
The dew of toil has drench'd his hair;
See how it trickles down his face,
And leaves behind a dirty trace.

Oh, Thou who art a nation's stay,
Whom mists, and clouds, and winds obey,
Our empty garners pitying see,
And *fill them to* fecundity.

THE BEAUTY OF MORNING.

When Aurora opes her eye,
Blushing in the orient sky,
In splendour drest I view the maid
Walking up the halls of light;
Upon her breast rich gems are laid,
The dew-drop diamonds, pure and bright,
The ebon mantle of the night,
That falls around her like a veil,
Gives to her eyes more lustre bright.
Her breath the odoriferous gale,
The woodbine, wild rose, never fail,
With odours sweet, from vale and hill,
With joy her worshippers to fill.
Hail! Hyperion's daughter, hail!
The primrose, cowslip, daisy pale,
Expand their bosoms to thine eye,
While wicked fays and goblins fly.
To thee of Nature's mighty harp
The diapason fills with song,
From humming bee to trilling lark,
The leader of the feather'd throng;
And shall there no responsive string
Tremble on my simple lyre?
In symphony my soul shall sing
Its matin with the mighty choir.

Hail! Hyperion's daughter, hail!
Health rides upon thy scented gale:
Maiden, art thou pale and weak?
Fades the rosebud from thy cheek?
Quit thy chamber's poison'd air,
Look on Aurora's face so fair,
Perchance thy renovated clay
May long escape a slow decay,
And, instead of early tomb,
Be mother of a happy home.
Hail! Hyperion's daughter, hail!
Robust hind and maiden pale.

ON HEARING THE ROBIN'S SONG ON THE MORNING OF AN AUTUMNAL SABBATH.

Dead leaves had chok'd the little brook
That whimpled near our cottage door,
And 'neath each hedge and in each nook
Lay patches of the chilly hoar,
A thing I've often seen before;
It look'd as cold as cold could be,
At least it seemed so to me,
And felt so too, as touch can tell:
I've known it linger in the dell
From *Sabbath bell* to Sabbath bell.

The distant Sabbath bells are ringing,
Upon the bough the robin's singing
A dirge o'er the declining year,
O'er dying plants and foliage sear:
The haws upon the naked tree
Are cold and wet as wet can be,—
The red cheek hep appears the same,
Like maiden's rosy cheek in rain,
And in the trailing brier bush
I see the old nest of a thrush,
But the thrush has ceas'd its singing.
Hark, the Sabbath bells are ringing,
While far surpassing human skill,
On briery bough that spans the rill,
The robin gives its song and trill:
Though silent all the feather'd throng,
Its crimson breast distends with song.

No vaunted orator can preach,
Or philosopher can teach
My heart of life's decay, like thee;
There's something in thy minstrelsy
Which binds my heart as in a spell,
And makes a gush of feelings well,
Emotions indescribable.
Friend of the year's adversity,
I ne'er found human friend like thee.

GREAT GOD! TO THEE ALL THINGS BELONG.

Great God! to Thee all things belong,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
The mountain dew which feeds the rills,
Meandering the vales among.

The man who thinks his finite mind
Has pow'r the infinite to scan,
Might equally attempt to span
The heavens or to see when blind.

'Tis Thou hast tun'd my bosom strings
To chord with Nature's mighty harp,
Whose melting tones make tears to start,
Or open joy's exhaustless springs.

The stars in heaven, the flow'rs on earth,
The mountain heath, the green-wood tree,
The rippling stream, and heaving sea,
Sing of the Word that gave them birth.

Of all earth's voices there is one
Draws most the list'ning ear of heaven,
'Tis man's, for whom was freely giv'n
The *precious boon* of Thy dear Son.

The fertilizing show'rs are Thine,
Those precious drops Thou canst withhold,
Far richer than or finest gold,
Or gems that on tiaras shine.

My health's Thy gift, a boon than which
No earthly boon can greater be,—
I feel I live and move in Thee,—
If Thou art mine, though poor, I'm rich.

Though rich, without Thee I am poor,
And shall be in the world to come;
And soon, at longest, will have run
Life's sand, and death be at my door.

God grant that then my exit hour,
Of all life's hours the brightest shine,
With rays from the empyreal clime,
Guiding to amaranthine bowers.

TO THE DYING SCEPTIC.

Sceptic, think! thy dying pillow
By the fingers of despair
Shall be made, and in death's billow
Hope shall perish every hair.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY SECOND CHILD.

Thou new-born flow'r! Sweet new-born flow'r!
May never clouds upon thee low'r;
But sunshine cheer thee all thy day,
Nor thorns nor thistles choke thy way.

And may the dews of grace descend,
And all their cheering influence lend,
Instil their virtues in thy breast,
'Till ripe for everlasting rest.

And then transplanted far above,
Thou'lt bloom beneath the sun of love;
Where wintry storms and sultry hours,
Nor beat nor scorch thy fadeless bow'rs.

CONVICTION.

Ne'er can persecution foul
Kindle in the human soul
Pyres to burn conviction on:
The outward man to outward form
It may coerce, but never, never
Conviction from the spirit sever.

ON THE CONSECRATION OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH, HORSFORTH WOODSIDE.

Thou stand'st as stands a beacon-light,
  A warning-beam on life's sea-shore,
Pointing the sailor's course aright
  To port where storms are known no more.

Oh, may thy turret's call to prayer,
  Bring to the fold the scatter'd flock,
And thirsty may they press to share
  The stream which gushes from the Rock.

May trembling, downcast guilt here seek
  Earth's idols from its heart to tear,
While mercy's voice a pardon speaks
  In answer to the sinner's prayer.

May living temples ever throng
  Through thy temple-gates to press,
And calumniation's tongue
  Be changed from slandering to bless.

But, oh, how pure soe'er thou art
  In holy doctrine, life, and form,
Slander will fling the poison'd dart,
  And call as chaff thy best of corn.

As yet within thy hallowed ground
  No dead have sought in peace to lie,
Nor holy text lies strew'd around,
  To teach the moralist to die.

But when the mound shall point the spot
  Where life's proud halls in ruin lie,
Oh, may it preach to man man's lot,
  And teach the mortal how to die!

Thou stand'st as stands a beacon-light,
  A warning-beam on life's sea-shore,
Pointing the pilot's course aright
  To port where storms are known no more.

ON THE SECOND BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

The Russian Bear, I do declare,
  Defends his stronghold well,
Though fire and steel must make him feel,
  And shot and shell must sound the knell,
And break the spell, and make a hell
  Of that proud citadel.

ON MY SLEEPING INFANT.

As fair as the lily enrobed in its white,
  As tranquil as eve when its breath is perfume,
As sweet as the morn when sunbeams alight
  On the tops of the mountains their face to illume,
Lay the joy of my heart and its mother's delight,
The hope of my age and the star of my night.

Its lips lay apart, its eyes but half closed,
  Like aurora when peeping o'er yonder high hill;
Like an angel it lay soft, enwrapt in repose,
  And innocence stamp'd on its countenance still:
Thus, thus dozed my child, while each moment dropp'd joy
From its wings as it pass'd, unmixed with alloy.

And as I sat gazing, a tear dimm'd my eye,
  While contemplating sad its probable fate,
And swift flew the prayer to Him that's on high,
  That its feet He would guide in that path which is strait,—
That the stream of pollution it never might taste,
But drink of that fountain—the stream of free grace.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

From Jupiter and Wisdom sprung,
With garb of glory round her flung,
Truth came to earth while yet 'twas young;
But Falsehood, rival of the fair,
Was born of Folly and the Wind,
Yet lighter than the thinnest air,
Came from below the earth to find;
And both advanced an equal claim
To seize upon the earth's domain.
Celestials from their halls of light
Knew well their enmity and power,
And downward watch'd the battle hour,
As interested in the fight.

Within Truth's eye there seem'd to burn
An innate consciousness of power;
Within her breast there gnaw'd no worm;
She sought no ambush where to cower,
But onward, with majestic tread,
No friendly aid on which to lean,
Companionless she Reason led;
Slow, stately as a heavenly queen,
And firmly held each step she trod,
Against or puny man or god.

Falsehood advanc'd in mazy line,
Her lore in mimicry was great,
In sooth, she was a pantomime.
The Appetites stood round her gate,
By them alone she kept her ground;
No puissant chieftain she,
But in all her conquests found
Weak to maintain her victory.

When, as sometimes, in battle proud
The rivals met, each face to face,
Falsehood invested in a cloud
Her head, and bid sly Fraud to place
Close ambuscades in which to lie,
To seize upon her enemy;
The shield of Impudence she bore
In her left hand; vain Pride before
Her clapt her wings, and in her rear
Dark, stubborn Temper wav'd its spear;
And on her shoulder rattling swung
A quiver Sophistry had hung;
While all the Passions throng'd around
In answer to the trumpet's sound:
And guarded thus, she would advance
At times on her unflinching foe;
But subject to her piercing glance,
Her courage oft would come and go,
And as she quailed beneath that eye,
She madly let her arrows fly.

In face of Truth was clearly seen
The awe which mark'd her father's mien;
And though she held not in her hand
The thunder of that father's power,
Yet in close contest her command
Made sneaking Falsehood wince and cower,
While from her reluctant grasp
The arms of Sophistry fell down,
And before her face aghast
The shield of Impudence was thrown:
Thus facing Truth she panic caught,
And shelter 'mongst the Passions sought.

Though Truth at times received a wound,
It bled not long, but soon was heal'd;
But Falsehood's flesh appear'd unsound,
A constant sore each wound reveal'd;
She found (experience taught her so)
Her only chance to beat her foe
Was by quick moves and sudden change,
She therefore charg'd Suspicion sly
To beat the ground before, and range
About Truth's path, but never try
To cross her line, though always nigh;
For no obliquity it knew,
And from it Truth ne'er stept aside,
No prickly bushes on it grew,
Nor *midst its flowers* did serpents hide:

By this device did Falsehood's power
Extend with each advancing hour,
Till ev'ry region fell her prey,
Till every clime confessed her sway.

* * * * *

TO MY WIFE.

Not the little sylvan warbler
While responding to her mate,
Not the lover in calm evening
Wandering with his maiden late,
Not the little sportive lambkin
Frisking o'er the verdant lea,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gives to me.

Not the baby at the fountain
Of its mother's soothing breast,
Not the dove with food returning
To its nestlings in their nest,
Not the butterfly that's roaming,
Nor the little honey-bee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gives to me.

THE MUSIC OF THE FARM YARD.

With stately strut proud chanticleer comes forth,
And with his clarion shrill trumpets aloud
The birth of new-born day; then cackling hens
Unto the dame's delighted ear announce
The new-laid egg; the heavy waddling duck
Puts in a solo quack; the hungry sow
Commingles her hard grunting bass, while her
Contentious farrow for her dugs unite
Their spleeny squeaks. Affection's tones
Anon complex the music more. The cow
Is lowing for her weaned calf,—the calf
Is bleating for its mother lost. The whole
Combined makes richer concert far than all
The canzonets so sweetly trilled by each
Far-famèd nightingale.

A SIMILE.

As winter's icy breath cannot congeal
The bubbling spring which wells beneath the old
Tree's tangled roots, so the chill breath of stern
Adversity can never freeze the founts
Of *constant* friendship welling from the heart.

THE MOWER.

Ere Titan looks on loftiest peak,
Or pencils on Aurora's cheek
The first faint blush,—that orient ray
That wakes the warbler on its spray,
And then, as rous'd by magic spell,
Wakes in each sylvan grove and dell
A music indescribable,—
When chanticleer the morning hour
To robust hind discordant tells,
Long ere the dew has left the flower,
Ten thousand flowers the mower fells:
With girded loins and bended back,
And brawny arms he sweeps a track,
And as the fragrant herbage falls,
The harmless frog with beaming eyes
Eviserated, scarcely crawls,
Or makes a frantic leap then dies;
The field mouse, too, with panic breast,
Flies its young ones and its nest;
It may survive the murd'rous chase,
Perchance, to mourn a slaughter'd race:
The poor, blind, naked wee things writhe
Upon the point of murderous scythe:
The heart which can inflict such pain,
Claims consanguinity with Cain.

See from that bronz'd and burning brow,
What rills of perspiration flow;
Yea, even from his strong boned back,
Labour and heat exude the fat,
While buzzing flies, a dancing swarm,
Sip from his delug'd brow and arm.
And, hark, the distant music shrill,
Scythe answering scythe, from vale and hill;
Farmer, now to heaven pray
The rainy clouds be kept away;
May ev'ning red and morning grey
Symbolize a sunny day.

THE PALACE AND THE COT.

The guarded gates of palace dome,
Prove them no entrance to a home,
But portals to the halls of pride,
Where regal power sits very lone,
They are so cold, and high, and wide.
In regal chair reclines pale fear,
Lest beneath the courtier's vest
Should lurk unseen the traitor's spear,
For regicide has once been there.
Where tragic thoughts like these infest,
Such bosom must be ill at rest;

Nor sceptred sway, nor turret tower,
Nor placid lake, nor scented bower,
Nor marbled fount, whence silvery shower
Coldly weeps on margin flower,
Can heal the bosom's bleeding wounds,
Felicitate unquiet hour,
The guarded gates of palace dome,
Prove them no entrance to a home.

But peasant's cot, 'neath sylvan nook,
Whence cooing doves and gurgling brook
Make music to the peaceful scene,
Where round the hearth the cottage folk
Feed on the bread of life that's broke,
And drink salvation's stream.
Oh, where the parent pair invoke
The God of love to be their guide,
And grant them, whatsoe'er betide,
A shelter in the Crucified.
In this secluded nook so lone,
Is found a sanctified home;
'Tis true their's is no room of state,
There stands no porter at their gate,
Their simple board does not invite
To surfeits of the appetite,—
Their garden plot no cascades know,
No famed exotic flow'rets grow,
Yet gushes there cool, pure, and free,
Beneath the roots of ancient tree,

As clear and as exhaustless spring
As ever bubbled for a king,
Or classic bards did ever sing.

There grows a tree that casts a shade,
There sings a bird within the glade,
There blooms a rose upon its thorn,
There softly steals the sweetest morn,
And o'er their cot as bright a sky
Expands. As blue a canopy,
As pure a breeze, goes wand'ring by;
The lunar beam and stellar ray
As sweetly on their streamlet play;
No ponderous cares oppress their breast,
No gloomy dreams invade their rest,
No midnight revel or late play
E'er pirates from the coming day;
No sycophant with artful smile
E'er seeks their rural garden stile;
Though broken be their hearth-flag stone,
There never starts a wish to roam
From that sweet spot they feel a home:
The guarded gates of palace dome
Prove them no entrance to a home.

THE PIPE.

What is it can fresh joy impart,
When clouds of gloom hang o'er the heart,
And disappointment makes us smart?
The pipe!

When friendship draws the easy chair,
Domestic fireside joys to share,
What proves that thence is banish'd care?
The pipe!

Its perfume far transcends the rose,
It lulls vexation to repose,
And glorious warms the frost-nipp'd nose,—
The pipe!

HELP THE POOR.

Dives, Dives, do not wait
Till the poor rap at thy gate,
Till decrepitude shall stand
With hoary locks, and hat in hand,
Shiv'ring at thy barred gate,—
Dives, Dives, do not wait.

Thou art but a steward here,
Know thy riches are not thine;
Thy green leaf may soon be sear,
Clouds may soon drink thy sunshine,
Wealth has wings and flies away,
Charity will make it stay.

Dives, Dives, mind thy dogs
Do not lick the beggar's sore,
Lest the just incensed gods
Bid grim death knock at thy door,
Then, though tolls the minute bell,
Thou'lt a beggar wake in hell.

Be thou old or be thou young,
Give thy heart, and hand, and tongue,
To the poor afflicted poor,
Pining on life's rocky shore,
Round thy heart shall ever play,
Joy's cascades and sunny ray.

Thus, Dives, ever seek to write,
With love's golden pen of might,
On the poor man's heart thy name,
'Twill coil around thee like a chain,
And its blessings on thee breathe,
Richer boon than victor's wreath.

THE OLD PRAYER BOOK.

Beneath an old cupboard of china and delf,
Let into the wall there strides an old shelf,
Where rise in three rows an incongruous stack
Of books, from old bible to old almanack :
Some backless, and others with half of a back,—
In some the stitch of the binding is loose,
By dustings repeated with wing of a goose ;
But the book most revered in that dusty old nook,
Is my buried grandsire's old prayer-book.

Unskilfully written upon its first page,
In characters brown stand his name and his age ;
And still here and there indented appear,
Devotion's memento, the stamp of a tear.
For with heart as with lip that old man drew near,
His seat was adjacent to that of the Squire,
Than whose hearty responses the clerk's were no higher ;
My old grandsire was to him as a fire,
For he told at the hall that he warm'd at a look
Of that fervent old man with his old prayer-book.

From matins and vespers affliction alone
Could keep on the Sabbath that old man at home ;

ıis stick in his hand and his hat of broad brim,
s comforter red to keep warm his chin,
s strong knitten gloves and old coat of grey,
ır with many a wintry day,
s bright buckled shoes and home spun hose,
hich his drab leggings so warmly arose,—
quipped has he left his old chair in the nook,
lasp in God's temple that old prayer-book.

; old man's day unknown was the rage
ɜ embossed back and gold gilted page,
ıe plain old book of the plain old squire
ɔ more bedight than my old grandsire's.
hood, he said, he learnt how to write
, grimy stick on tea-paper white;
ıe art of reading he understood well,
uld, would, and *should* he ne'er robb'd of their *l,*
ing, ye'll ken, the words he'd to spell.
fully written upon its first page,
racters brown stand his name and his age,
ıe year of our Lord in a crooked line,
scrawl of the text, "Redeem the time."
s rich, though of land he had not a nook,—
; me his Bible and old Prayer Book.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY THIRD DAUGHTE

May nor the pure unfallen snow,
Nor unpolluted fountain's flow,
Be freer, child, from taint than thou.
May He who rules earth, sea, and sky,
Watch o'er thee with a tender eye,
And to Himself thy heart ally.
His friendship, child, is firmer far
Than alpine rocks or polar star,
And richer than the Andes are.

STANZAS.

We've wander'd long down poortith's lane,
And stretch'd our eyes for turns in vain;
A cold damp hearth,—a broken pane,—
A' pockets empty;
Gude appetite,—nothing for t' wame,—
Ance used to plenty.

Your rent unpaid, a landlord's frown,—
A grocer's summons for a crown,—
Yourself na coat, your wife na gown,—
Barefooted weans:
Na wonder that sic seek to drown
Their woes in streams.

The kindly hearts o't gude auld Hall,
Waes me! have gane—deplor'd by all;
What props are to a crazy wall,
They were to t' poor;
They were na deaf to penury's call,
But sought its door.*

And now, alas! hard is our fate;
Pale hunger views a scanty plate,
Provided frae a lean poor rate,
Ask'd for wi' shame;
I bite my lip and scratch my pate,
But a' in vain.

'Twad gar you greet to see our cat
Sae slack o' wark and scant o' fat;
The lee long night nor mouse nor rat
Rewards her care,—
Aiblins they've found a farmer's stack
Holds better fare.

The pastor call'd the ither day,
Fearing, like sheep, we gang'd astray;
He pointed out the gude auld way,
Where verdant bough
Flings cooling shade, and fountains play,
And roses blow.

* *The Rev. J. A. Rhodes, Horsforth Hall.*

And tauld us that life's slender thread
Could na bear lang sic aching head;
"Amen," my wife dejected said,—
"A welcome thing;
But creaking gates, Sir, I'm afraid,
The langest swing."

He kneel'd him down, an auld chair nigh,
An' solemn, wi' uplifted eye,
Besought his Maister in the sky
To gie us wark,
An' be our Friend, in low or high,
In light or dark.

"An' bless," pray'd he, "each poor man's shiel;
May ilka say and ilka feel,—
'Thy will be done.' Our country's weal,"
He, rising, said,
"Springs na sae much frae ruling chiel,
As prayer instead."

Pity, ye'll ken, without relief,
Resembles mustard without beef,
And can no more assuage man's grief
Than ocean's froth;
But he of donors was the chief,—
He sent us broth!

TO THE SOLDIERS LEAVING LEEDS FOR THE BATTLE FIELD.

oble spirits, ye are gone,
And perchance some gone for ever;
ut your deeds shall live in song,
And in Albion's heart for ever;
or well we know each honest tar
And soldier will be brave in battle,
nd soon convince the faithless Czar
That they can skelp him and his *cattle*.

STANZAS

omposed during one of the stormy evenings of January, 1855, when many of the toiling poor were reduced to starvation and want.

h, rich man, spare that bone,
That unpick'd bone, oh, spare,
nd send it to the home
Of hunger and despair.

hy dogs shall still be fed,
Think, then, upon the poor;
o seek pale hunger's shed,
Pass not its shatter'd door.

For through it winter steals,
  In tiny flakes of snow,
And shiv'ring hunger feels
  Keen biting boreas blow.

Seek not the fox to find,
  Hunt down cold hunger pale,
'Twill paradise thy mind
  More than a fox's tail.

Upon those old bedstocks
  A dying man is laid,
A man with hoary locks,
  Oh, run to give him aid.

In that old grate the fire
  Would starve e'en summer's self;
But, oh, this winter's ire,
  And nothing on the shelf,

'Twould touch a heart of stone,
  A miser's heart, to see
Affliction in that home
  Of want and misery.

The suffering poor, God help,
  The honest sweating brow,
Who have starvation felt,
  Their daily bread bestow.

TO THE OLD LANE—ONE OF MY FAVOURITE WALKS.

Old rutted lane, at ev'ry turn I meet
The shade of memories wak'd by thee from sleep;
The spirit of my childhood lingers there,
And meets me smiling with its silken hair,
Unclasps the volume of life's vernal day,
Records Old Time can never wipe away.

No clouds of dust along thy walks arise,
To fill the traveller's mouth, and ears, and eyes;
Some playful wind, or sudden gust perchance,
May make a few seer'd leaves around him dance,
Or from apparent slumber wake the bough,
To shed night's tears upon his head below.

Ambrosial odours from thy woodbines flow,
Commingling fragrance with thy wild rose tree,
So sweet that angels might pluck from the bough,
And leave their seats of bliss to visit thee.

Old rural lane, where'er my steps may roam,
Whether through myrtle groves in orient clime,
Or through the desert unexplored and lone,
No *walk can tempt* my feet so much as thine.

How oft along thy shelter'd walk, old lane,
I've met at eve the rustic maid and swain;
Or on thy shelving flow'ry border seen
Them seated side by side besides thy stream.

Health might have stolen thy wild rose's streak,
And stamp'd its bloom upon her glowing cheek,
And gi'en his limbs the strength of oaken bough,
To wield the flail or hold the steady plough.

Strange murmurs, very strange at times to me,
And such as love to muse on old tree root,
I hear amongst the leafy canopy.
Recumbent musing at its knotted foot
My spirit feels a spirit haunts thy path,
Which takes my spirit captive, and in bath
Of secret joys baptizes it. The flame
Kindled and fed by worldly cares dies out,—
Thy gush of beauties quenches it, old lane.

Time stamps decay upon all mundane things,
And change on change incessantly he rings;
But little change, old lane, I find in thee;
Thy turns, thy brier bush, thy holly tree,
All stand and flourish in the self same place
As erst when boyhood ran its jocund race;
And though full forty springs have o'er them flown,
Not one appears to manhood larger grown.

Thy nettle bunch, which would revenge a touch,
Whether provok'd by wilful act or chance;
The neighbouring docken-bed, whose leaf was such,
Its rub could cure the blister at a glance;
The simple song had potent spell or charm,
Which never fail'd the poison to disarm:
Say, who in boyhood has not joined the strain
"Of docken in and nettle out" for pain?
Thy elder tree, whose ebon berries shine,
And still wage war 'gainst coughs or colds in wine;
Thy haws, wild strawberries, and licy hep,
Through ev'ry change my memory has kept,
And ever will I seek my muse's home,
Till age, disease, or death forbids to roam.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

"Old man say, has length of years
Plough'd those furrows on thy brow,
And bleach'd thy hair as white as snow,
And dried the fountain of thy tears?"

"No, stranger, no, my bleached hair
Was not made by age alone,
But Care on disappointment's stone
Whet his knife and carv'd his share."

"Old man, rest thy aged limbs
'Neath the shadow of this tree;
Of life's changes speak to me,
While the thrush above us sings."

"List, then, youth: the greatest boon
Found within life's narrow span,
Yet most of all abus'd by man,
Is health, of all earth's joys, the crown.

"Give not, my son, thy prime of life
And bloom unto the tyrant world,
Lest from its throne thy peace be hurl'd,
And drown'd within its floods of strife.

"Nor let life's evanescent joy,
Which, (unsubstantial as a dream,)
Floats a bubble down time's stream,
Thy eternal bliss destroy.

"Give not thy passions lengthen'd rein,
But curb them ere they tameless grow,
Lest they make life's cup o'erflow
With poignant grief and quenchless pain.

"For know incendiary sin
Will kindle in thy breast a flame,
And blast the flow'rs adown life's lane,
And every beauty found within.

"And should life run to cheerless age,
Around reflection's neck 'twill hang,
A millstone weight of guilt and pang,
And write despair on life's last page.

"Then let not Passion turn thee old,
Ere Father Time has bleach'd thy hair;
Of their tyranny beware,
Be not to their slavery sold.

"Should wealth be thine, erect a throne
Of gratitude within thy breast,
An angel then will be thy guest,
And guide thee to the poor man's home.

"Write in life's volume what will stand
His searching eye when stars shall fall,
And secrets all are known to all,
And wrath bares its uplifted hand.

"Heaven within the human breast
Has hung a lamp of purest light,
To guide us to those regions bright,
Of love, and bliss, and endless rest.

"But oft there seems the mighty change,
From sin's career to virtue's ways,
To gain a little worldly praise,
While heaven beholds the heart estranged.

"So precious are fair virtue's store,
Lodg'd within the human heart,
That heaven a guard with ready dart,
Has set to keep its entrance door.

"Let wisdom cast a minute bell,
And hang it in thy bosom's tower,
To warn thee of each fleet wing'd hour,
And life's uncertainty to tell.

"Write honour on thy placid brow,
And let its lamp thy footsteps guide,
So shall life's stream more smoothly glide,
And rarest flowers around thee grow.

"While in life's spring and summer's hours,
Act like the busy ant or bee,
And fill thy hive by industry,
Ere wintry age has sapp'd thy powers.

"So should old age thy vigour steal,
And give the palsy to thy head,
Thou'lt have an easy chair and bed,
And warm fireside and cheerful meal.

"And swarms of joys and blessings more,
Alone in competency's gift,
Shall make thy bark more smoothly drift
To port on the eternal shore.

"Give rotten friendship to the wind,
As stinking carcase let it be;
'Twill smile at thy adversity,—
Show it, then, thou art not blind.

"And turn on backbiter's thy back;
Beneath their tongue a viper lurks,
Whose poison kills thy name or hurts,
And gives thy comfort to the rack.

"Seek ever thy whole life to make
As faultless as humanity
Will ever let the human be.
On headstrong passions put the break,

"And ask His aid whose word alone
Can worlds create or change the heart;
The needful strength He will impart,
And draw thee to His heavenly home."

Just then the bell from village fane
Sent for the dead a message home;
Toll! toll! toll! "List! that warning tone,"
The old man said, and not in vain.

That old man sleeps beneath the sod,
Without a stone to point the spot;
Yet kings might envy such a lot,—
To live and die a child of God.

EARLY RISING IN SUMMER.

When aurora opes her eyes,
Blushing in the orient skies,
Blowing softly through the trees,
With a gently swelling breeze,
Vigorous from oblivious sleep,
Draw thy blind, thy casement ope,
With bended knee and heart invoke,
The watch of Israel to keep,
Thee this day a silly sheep.
Hie thee, then, thy limbs to lave
In lone streamlet's glassy wave,
Ere the morning's dancing ray,
With its ripples cease to play,
Then on thy sequestred way,
Glowing with a genial heat,
Brush the early dew away
With thy meditative feet.

PARAGONS OF LOVE.

The greatest paragons of love
Were Palmer and his brother Dove,
Who for their wives have been much *tried*,
And for their *sakes* at last have died.

THE PRESS OF ENGLAND.

Gigantic power of Albion free!
Our liberties are link'd to thee;
Oh, may'st thou unrestricted stand,
The glory of my native land!
Corruption quails beneath thy gaze,
Thou'rt mightier than the crowned brow,
And in thy strong effulgent blaze
Abuses melt away like snow.
I hear the knell thou now art ringing
Of kingcraft and of priestcraft might;
I see fresh fountains opened, springing
Of dried-up liberties and right.
Gigantic power of Britons free,
Our liberties are linked to thee.

TO CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge, thou venerable pile,
Though proud Oxonians may revile,
And envy thee the lassie's smile
That sways our land,
Thy halls of lore, first in our isle,
Shall proudly stand.

Long ages of the dusty past
Live within thy memory's grasp,
And when oblivion's mantle's cast
O'er princely halls,
Thy fellows still shall feasting fast
Within thy walls.

Na fear they'll hae their gowns sae wide
As winna check the hasty stride
That bears the wame sae satisfied
Wi *fast* and *fane*,
Wha wad na fling sic act aside
To tuck the wame?

TO MY MUSE.

Care's withering finger traces lines
Upon the sordid worldling's brow,
And plants his heart with thorns to grow;
Though he has much, for more he pines.

A golden chest grasps all his heart,
Idolator at Mammon's shrine;
A stranger to such joys as thine,
With pride and wealth he cannot part.

Thou lendest wings unto my soul,
And swifter far than lightnings fly
I soar, to tread the starry sky,
Or brood where ocean's billows roll.

And in my spirit's depths a voice
Louder than all proclaims a God;
In woodland shade, on desert sod,
I hear it, feel it, and rejoice.

To me with thee the whimpling stream
Of life's fast current wildly sings,
And plays upon my bosom strings,
That life is but an empty dream.

Thou tun'st my ear to wild notes strange,
The wind with thee sings evening song,
And mourns in dying sighs among
The leafless trees in autumn's change.

The cooing doves, the wild bee's hum,
With thee do not incline to sleep,
But foster meditation deep,
And lagging moments faster run.

And o'er my soul there calmly steals
An undefinable delight,—
Another vision, world, and light,
Which only but the poet feels.

A SUMMER'S EVE.

The very mention of a summer's eve
Opens a freshlet in the soul. The god
Of day is sinking in the western waves,
And will be drown'd full soon. Behold the flowers,
With all their little fragrant hearts, how much
They love him! What a touching tearful woe
Seems to fall on them—poor mourning offspring
Of a parent lost. Should he again ne'er
Rise, they would fret themselves to blindness,
And the earth, their poor afflicted, widow'd
Mother would dandle them no more
Upon maternal lap—both would pine away
To nakedness and death.

ON FIRST HEARING THE CUCKOO.

Sweet visitant, thy mellow lay
My cold philosophy expels,
Brings back again life's vernal day,
Enthrals in superstition's spell;

For if when first thy voice I hear,
I penniless my pocket find,
Fate frowns upon the coming year,
And flings a shadow o'er my mind.

Ten thousand voices greet the spring,
  But where's the lay so rich as thine;
The lark's is sweet on soaring wing,
  The throstle's minstrelsy is fine,—

The swallow's twitter, wild dove's coo,
  And red-breast's trill, arrest my ear;
But not one voice like thine, cuckoo,
  Resuscitates life's vernal year.

LINES.

In one of my early walks, seeing some sheep ruminating on their flowery bed beneath an old wall, the following thoughts, unsought, embodied themselves in rhyme.

What silly thoughts, sometimes, invade a poet's head;
But early as I past this morn your flowery bed,
And heard the sky-lark's trill and cuckoo's mellow lay,
And saw Light's God unfold the portals of the day,
And felt upon my brow the pure and fragrant breeze,
And heard its dreamy tones among the rustling leaves,
The squalid, fetid lairs of penury and woe,
Where Fever lights its fire, and Death is not said *no*,
Burst forth in contrast sad with this fresh tranquil scene,
That, musing, I exclaim'd,—say 'tis a foolish dream,—
"But for the butcher's knife, and an eternal sleep,
Than suffer such a lot, I'd rather be a sheep."

STANZAS.

To see the strong oppress the weak,
  Must knit the brow of Justice ever;
Philanthropy must boldly speak,
  And try the despot's chain to sever,
Else 'tis the phantom of a feeling,
Which heals no wounds, yet aims at healing.

Oh, if man wants a crown to deck
  His spirit's head with flowers unfading,
Let him misery's current check,
  In which are countless thousands wading:
Flowers plant in life's path ever,
But thorns and thistles never, never.

Oft the worthiest of our kind,
  The bravest hearts, the true and tender,
Feel the most fate's stormiest wind,
  Without a shelter or defender:
Such seek ye, son of mercy, ever,
But slight them not, no, never, never.

Oh, Albion! my country dear,
  As thy bright past God bless thy future;
May Justice's arm and Pity's tear
  Ever seek a trampled creature:
Battle ever for the right,
This will prove thy prop of might.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE.

Departed shade, death will be look'd upon
As foe not friend to those whose stream of joys
He swallows in his greedy holes.

And yet,
Poor lump of lifeless clay, why should we mourn
That death's chill breath did, when it blew life's lamp
Out, extinguish all thy aches and pains?
Yet, oh, thy loss has thrown around our hearts
A gloom which blinds our joys, and hangs around
The chamber of each breast the sable folds
Of woe—sigh's nursery.

As envious storms
Tear ivy from old ruins in decay,
So death has torn thy tendrils, which clung long
Around our hearts, and left them bare and cold.
Time's stream can never wash away the dear
And cherished memory of thee. Grief-drops
May in the eye appear, as sorrow's fount,
Yet in that shallow water ye may sound
Its depths. The heart may weep although the eye
Be dry, as subterraneous caves which
Weep unseen.

Affliction's cup into thy
Hands was given and unmurmuringly
Thou didst drink it to its very dregs. But
Now 'tis past, and life's medley thread which bound
Thy spirit to the earth is snapped, and it
Has soar'd unto the Infinite.

Spirit,
The grave worm's slime can never taint thy robes
Of spotless white, nor care plough furrows on
Thy crowned brow. God's providential ways,
And dark designs, like complicated knots,
Are disentangl'd now, and life's rough paths
Thou knowest well but led unto the bright
Empyreal halls. Death was thy spirit's
Exodus from change to changeless scenes and
Bliss,—from friendship wearing wings to mate with
Seraphs of unchanging love.

When time shall
Die, then we shall meet again where bliss is
Consummated,—where the false, the frail, the
Fallible, and weak, which banned our earthly
Nature, can never spot ethereal
Spirits link'd to the Divine.

"GOD IS LOVE."

This is the fountain whence all being sprang,
The mighty architect of countless worlds,
The pillar's base, on which all worlds do rest,
The fabricator of angelic homes,
The sun and glory of empyrean halls,
The hand which from the Father's bosom tore
The Son and incarnated God himself:
Each morn 'tis pictur'd by the God of day,
And hung in golden frames within his halls
Of kindling light. 'Tis mirror'd in the pearls
Which flash upon the heaving breast of fair
Aurora, who delights her matin song
To fill with "God is love." I read it, too,
In ev'ry phase Dame Nature may assume:
It rolls in thunder through the boundless halls—
The music halls of heaven. The earthquake's voice
Through subterraneous chambers bids the earth
Her parting jaws to ope and rumble it.
It rides upon the perfumed wings of deep
Blue summer, and it wraps the earth in a
White sheet to keep it warm in wintry days:
It doth pervade all elements.

It burns,
A sin consuming fire within the heart
Of penitential guilt, baptizing the

Dry eye with tears of joy. It doth relax
The world's fond circling arms which grasp the neck
Of man's prone spirit, and gives it wings
To soar above the stars whose golden lamps
Are but the scintillations faint of its
Pure glory.

In love we live and move
And have our being, for do we not this
In God? and "God is love."

PATIENT LIFE'S ILLS, POOR MORTAL, BEAR.

Patient life's ills, poor mortal, bear,
Nor seek to pluck a thornless rose;
Life has its smile as well as tear,
Its angel hope as demon fear,
Man must have tribulation here.

The oasis and cooling fount,
Are found within the desert's waste;
There pilgrims can past woes recount,
Of wearied limb and parched taste;
On that green spot again they laugh,
No mirage taunting while they quaff.

The cloud most ominous and dark,
That frowns on heaven and drinks the light,
May bring to earth the heaven bound lark,
But soon it plumes for loftier flight:
Not always sad the saddest bird,
Not always dry the driest spring,
This wells again, and that is heard
Again in sweetest notes to sing.

Oh, I have seen the trodden flow'r
Revive, re-bloom, fresh fragrance shed,
Though crush'd, exerting still the power
To raise again its drooping head.
The discord in life's music strain,
Its sympathy but sweeter makes;
The untuned harp attun'd again
Upon the ear more sweetly breaks.

The longest lane must have a turn,
The saddest lot some rays that cheer;
Then from these lessons, mortal, learn,
Life has its smile as well as tear,
Its angel hope as demon fear,—
Man must have tribulation here.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Child, while in thy youthful prime,
Give not thy face that heart of thine.
The bloom of beauty dies away,
Virtue's flower knows no decay,
That Time's chariot wheels shall crush
As he drives across thy brow,
This shall bloom amidst his ruts,
Or the furrows of his plough:
Seek thy heart then to adorn
With heaven's everlasting flow'r,
It shall live when beauty's shorn
Of its being and its power.

THE FRUGAL WIFE.

She never hankers after spas,
  Those fiddling, flirting places,
Where pompous, fickle fashion's laws
  Change attitudes and faces.

For there exorbitance so bland,
  Deep school'd in "Bills of Fare,"
Gives shallow purses understand
  They have no business there.

Domestic cares her mind engross,
  Nor leave a place for wish to roam;
"A stone quiescent gathers moss,"
  She says, "but not a rolling stone."

"Nothing to do," she says, "her mind
  Is like a culprit on the rack;"
I'm sure dissection could not find
  An idle bone in all her back.

"Frugality in prime of life,"
  She says, "keeps hoary hairs from scant;"
A wasted crumb will make my wife
  Preach, "Wilful waste makes woful want."

She's chang'd my heart into a feather,
  Which trouble had transform'd to lead,
By saying, "Lad, ne'er mind the weather,
  If it does not snow in bed."

PITY AND ENVY.

Where I find one true sympathising heart
  Ready to shed a tear in my distress,
I find a thousand with invidious dart,
  Stabbing my poor and innocent success.

AUTUMN.

The woodland paths are chok'd with withered leaves,
Unplucked blackberries now neglected rot,
The swallow's nest still hangs beneath the eaves
Of yon sweet, unassuming, rural cot,
But not one swallow twitters near the spot.
Now Michaelmas brings due the hireling's hire,
Blithe to the Statutes maid and swain repair;
The busy flail now works withouten tire,
From morn to eve with most assiduous care,
For that imperious day—the rent day of the Squire.

A KISS.

A doctor's heart with cupid's dart,
  Was bleeding for a kiss;
He told a fair one of his smart,
  And begg'd that drop of bliss.
"You shant," she said (ah, cruel will),
"Stick in my face a *doctor's bill.*"

MY GRANDSIRE'S WATCH.

My grandsire's watch—old silver watch—
Upon its antiquated case
Time's finger scarce hath left a scratch,
Or snipp'd its china dial-face;
Its chain is made of fluted brass,
Of roller shape, like that for grass;
And hangs, as substitute for seal,
Besides a key of polished steel,
A thin worn sixpence, so effaced
Its sovereign's head can scarce be traced.

My grandsire's watch—oh, how that name
Re-kindles many a wasted flame
Of memories to live again,
Of those who long in earth have lain,
So poor, not e'en the meanest stane
U nletter'd points their resting place,—
An ancestry of heavenly race;
But though no lapidary's skill
Has been in requisition here,
Yet I have known the eye to fill
With pure affection's tear,—
They need no decorated sod
To make them children of a God.

TO THE GRAVE.

'Tis sad'ning to think of the common lot,
Of the wormy cell where all is forgot,
How a moment may sweep from the living page
The blossom of youth and the greenness of age.

The gloom which mantles the walls of thy cell
No cheering light can ever dispel;
And once let us pass through thy dungeon door,
There's no getting out till time be no more.

How earthy we are ere we come to thy earth;
Kingdoms we claim—thou art all we are worth;
In things insecure 'twould weaken our trust
To think more of thee, thy moth and thy rust.

The gorgeous palace and cloud capt tower
Fall down like the cot in the grasp of thy power;
Thy language to commoner, despot, and peer,
Is, "Equality ever! no coronets here!"

The battle the soldier, consumption the maid,
And ten thousand diseases lead down to thy shade;
And though there pass hourly crowds through thy door,
In sepulchral tones thou askest for more.

With thee, from troubling the wicked do cease,
And the weary lie down in rest and in peace,
And the aching head of the toiling poor
On thy dusty pillow shall ache no more.

The bosom's tormenting hot fires of hate,
Revenge, and malice, may burn to thy gate,
But the match that lighted them ne'er can be lit
In the damp and the gloom pervading thy pit.

ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LEEDS,

September, 1858.

Thy loyal heart, old town, did greet its queen
With such a storm of cheers, as broke the clouds,
And made the sun come forth to gaze upon
The sight.*

Beloved queen, no throne was e'er
So strongly fortified as thine. It stands
Within a citadel of hearts, therefore
'Tis safe.

God grant thee health, and wealth, and long
To live, and to the autumn of thy life
The brightest skies; and when life's sun shall set,
A kingdom and a crown, which never pass
Away.

* *As soon as the queen made her appearance, the sun, which before was obscured, burst forth.*

TO THE NEW YEAR OF 1857.

I heard a tongue from yon old tower
Of sacred fane proclaim thy birth;
Devotion hail'd thy natal hour,
Felt more of heaven and less of earth.

MY DYING HOUR.

Momentous hour! the finis of life's book!
Will then my eye beam through the film of death,
Like some sweet sunbeam through a frowning cloud
With the bright prospect of more blissful clime?
Or, with the retrospect of wasted time,
Roll thunder clouds around life's setting sun?
Oh, may life's evening sky have one bright star
At least of blissful hope, to cheer me through
The gathering gloom.

THE END.

J. HEATON AND SON, PRINTERS, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

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